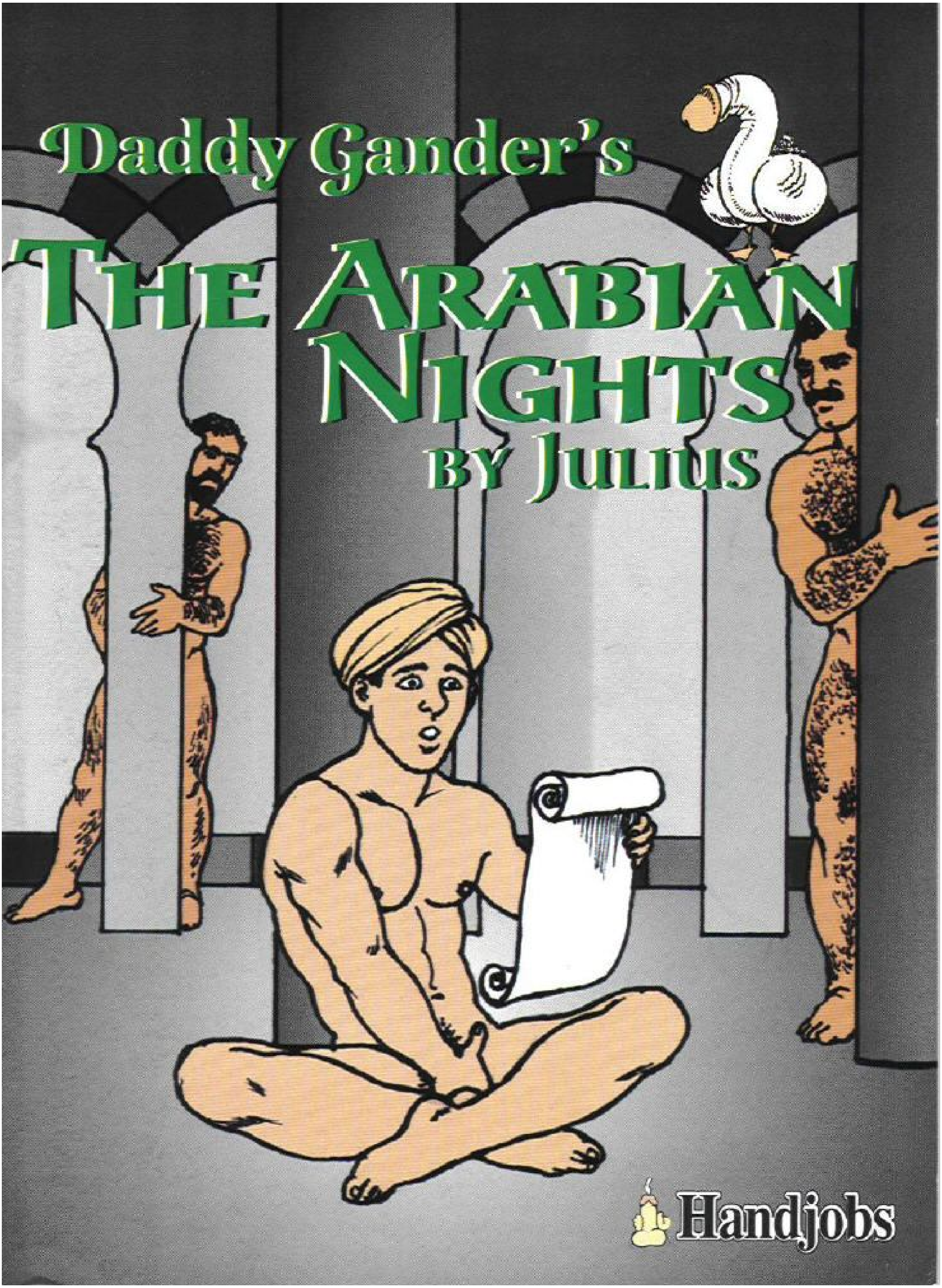
Daddy Gander's

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

BY JULIUS

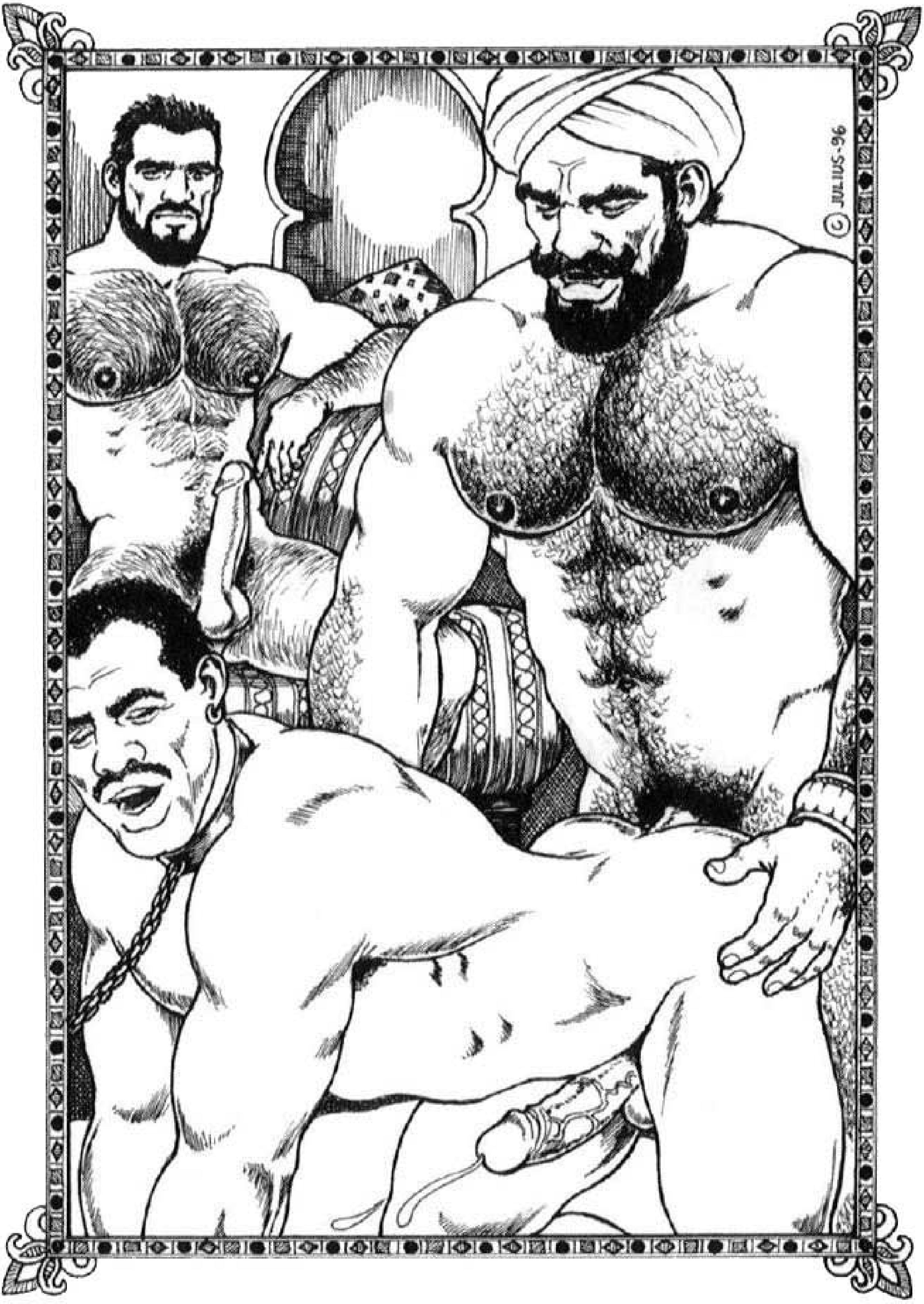


Handjobs

The Sassanidian chronicles tell a story of a sultan who had two sons, Shah-Zenon and Shah-riar. They were both handsome youths and equally worthy of inheriting their father's throne. When the old sultan died, Shah-Zenon his firstborn, was elected to be his successor according to the old tradition. The two brothers loved each other dearly in fact they had been lovers in their boyhood and knew each other's bodies and souls intimately The lusty memories of the hot sex they had practiced together in their father's palace, secluded from the world outside still warmed their hearts. Therefore the younger brother, Shah-Riar, never felt envy or jealousy for the luck of his older brother, but did his best to help and assist him as a loyal subject.

As the years passed, Shah-Zenon conquered some of his enemies and the sultanate grew too big to be governed by one man. After some hesitation, he made Shah-Riar the king of Samarkand. Shah-Zenon only hesitated because he did not want to part with his beloved brother, but since Shah-Riar was the only one that he could trust under all circumstances and leaving him idle would mean wasting of his talent, the separation of the brothers was inevitable.

Shah-Riar was eager to see his kingdom and left for Samarkand immediately. After they had lived separated for ten years, Shah-Riar's longing for his brother became unbearable and he sent his vizier to his brother's palace with an invitation for Shah-Zenon to come and see what he had done with his kingdom. Shah-zenon had missed his brother dearly and was joyous when he received his message. Since there was peace in the sultanate and nothing urgent required his presence, he accepted his brother's invitation and decided to travel to Samarkand immediately. The preparations for the journey took ten days and late one afternoon, Shah-Zenon bid farewell to his wife and his vizier and left the palace followed by his escorts to begin his long journey to Samarkand. As night fell, they pitched camp in the desert. While preparing to go to sleep in his tent, Shah-Zenon noticed that he had forgotten some priceless jewels he had intended to give his brother. In the dark of night he returned to the palace and when he entered his bedroom, he found his wife in bed with a huge black slave who was one of the palace guards. From the dark doorway, Shah-Zenon watched his wife moan in heat as she received the slave's gigantic organ in each cavity of her lusty body. Enraged by the sight, Shah-Zenon ordered his wife beheaded immediately and the insolent slave to be chained to the bed and the executioner to rape him in front of his own eyes. The executioner was a hairy man with a massive body and his appetite for asses was notorious. Licking his lips in anticipation he thrust his big and swarthy cock inside the slave's unprotected ass and the poor man tossed and turned in agony as he was impaled by the executioner's fat fuck pole until his vicious weapon was in all the way to the furry hilt. The executioner then began to fuck his victim unrelentingly and rammed his innards with his inflamed monster ferociously.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While watching, Shah-Zenon got an erection so powerful that he ordered the executioner to step aside and jabbed his own beefy column of virility into the bare ass of the wriggling slave. The ample precum shed by the horny executioner eased Shah-Zenon's solid cock in and he forced it in deeper until his rock hard balls hit the slave's gaping cleft. The man struggled and wriggled in vain as Shah-Zenon, aroused by the tightness of his virgin ass, plowed it like a maniac. His body glistening with sweat and his eyes ablaze, Shah-Zenon pounded his target with vengeance that made the slave sob and pray. When Shah-Zenon reached climax he shot a load worthy of a stallion and filled the trembling slave with his hot semen. After regaining his composure he ordered the slave to be executed and riding like a madman returned to the camp before dawn. Without saying a word to anybody he retired to his tent and with the first rays of the rising sun ordered the camp to be pulled down and the journey to be continued. He traveled to Samarkand accompanied by music played with cymbals, drums and other instruments that delighted everybody in his entourage, all except the sultan himself. He was deeply depressed after what had happened in the palace and tormented by terrible thoughts. As Shah-Zenon approached the capital, Shah-Riar followed by his court rode out to meet him and after warm hugs and kisses and other expressions of love and devotion the two brothers rode into the city side by side. The enthusiastic citizens of the capital bordered the streets cheering them loudly.

Shah-Riar had built a palace for his brother beside his own and facing the beautiful royal gardens. He left Shah-Zenon to refresh himself with a bath and to rest after an arduous journey. Shah-Riar returned later in the evening and sitting on a divan they discussed amiably as could be expected of brothers who had not met for a long time. After a delicious dinner they went on with their conversation until late at night.

Although seeing his beloved brother again had wiped off his gloom temporarily. Shah-Zenon fell into deep depression as soon as his brother had left. Unable to sleep he rolled on his bed tormented by the treason of his unfaithful wife and when the sun rose he had not slept at all. Shah-Riar had organized a hunting trip in honor of his brother for that day, but Shah-Zenon excused himself and stayed in his palace blaming the hardships of the long journey for his exhaustion. Shah-Riar wanted to cancel the trip but Shah-Zenon saying that he would soon recover insisted that they stop worrying about him and enjoy their hunt. Shah-Zenon sat in his gloomy thoughts by a window looking into a magnificent garden hardly noticing it until something strange happened. A hidden door in his brother's palace opened and the queen followed by ten semi-naked male salves entered the garden. The slaves were rugged mature men, all handsome and beautifully built with husky firm bodies. They led the queen to a pool right under Shah-Zenon's window. With lewd gestures and groping her body unashamedly the men stripped off her clothes as well as their own loin clothes, revealing their massive cocks, all jutting in a fuck-ready state.

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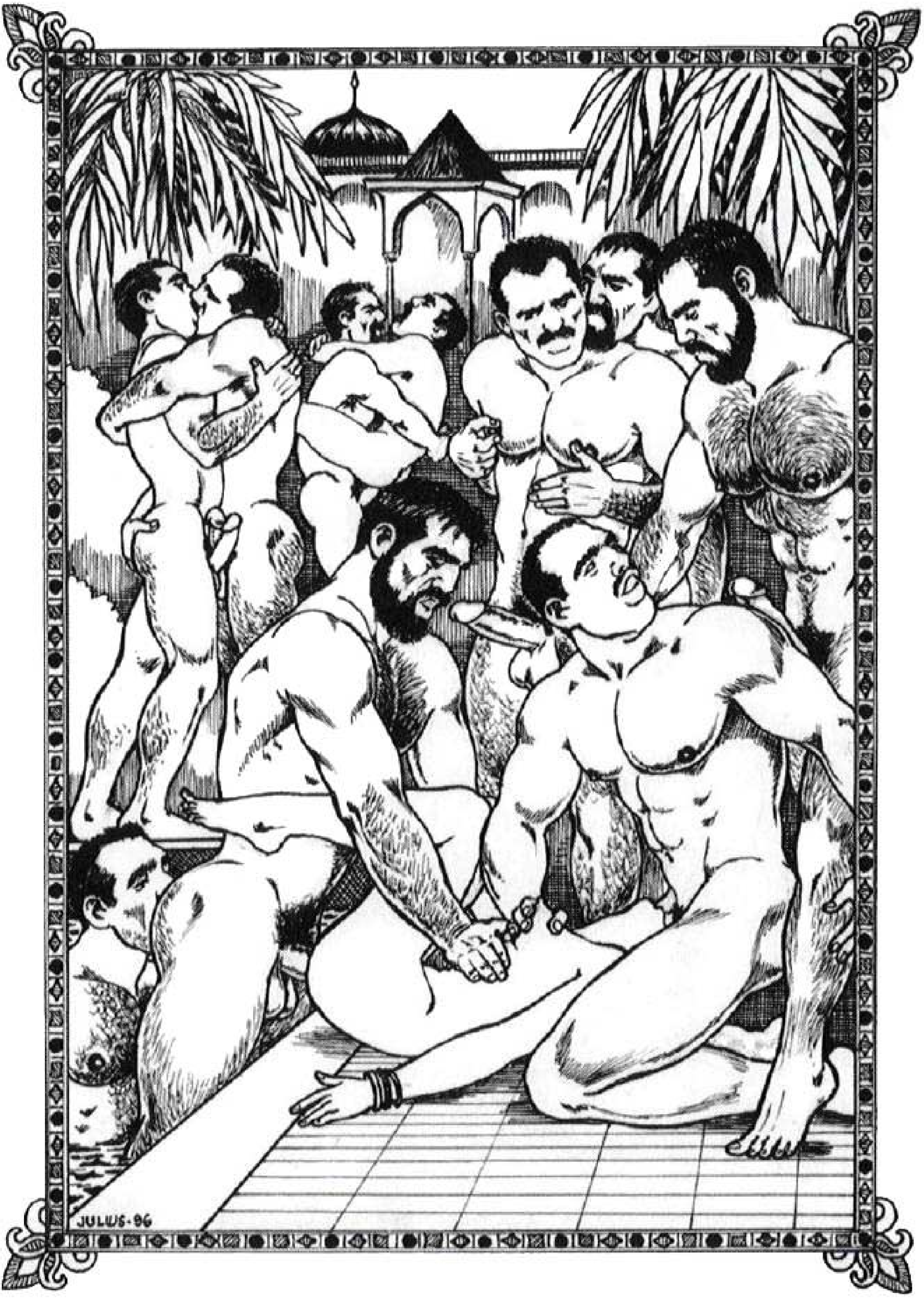
They oiled their bodies all over and their hard muscles glistened in the sun as they oiled the naked queen and smeared oil generously into her two cavities.

Shah-Zenon could easily see everything and yet remain unseen due to the construction of the window. He was wondering how the queen had managed to get these obviously virile and potent men into the closely guarded harem when he heard the queen call "Masud!" and a big black slave appeared and took the queen into his powerful arms. Kissing and fondling her submissive body the slave thrust his big and glistening cock deep inside his mistress and fucked the moaning queen rigorously until screaming loudly, she climaxed and was handed to the next man. The black slave jabbed his glistening monster into the queen's mouth and forced her to eat his turgid meat until he shot his load and was replaced by another. They used every cavity in her body for their pleasure and burying their hard meat deep inside her emptied their cocks several times until the queen could not take it anymore and they carried her back to the palace.

After what he had seen, Shah-Zenon realized that his problems were small compared to the troubles of his brother and the gloomy thoughts vanished from of his head and he felt alive again. By then Shah-Riar had returned from the hunting trip and was delighted to see his dear brother fully recovered and wanted to know what had cured him. Shah-Zenon promised to tell him the real reason for his illness provided that Shah-Riar would not ask him the reason for his recovery. When Shah-Riar gave his promise, Shah-Zenon told him what had happened when he returned to the palace to fetch the forgotten jewels, how he had punished them and how the haunting memory of it all had tormented him.

Shah-Riar felt pity for his brother but was also curious to hear what could cure such horrible pain. He knew his brother and after some skillful persuasion Shah-Zenon told him what had happened in the garden and what he had seen with his own eyes. Shah-Riar was shocked by his brother's story, but to be sure, he wanted to see it with his very own eyes. Shah-zenon advised him to organize another hunting trip for the next day. Shah-Riar would leave with his entourage only to return secretly and hide in his brother's palace. If the queen believed he was gone she would undoubtedly use his absense to satisfy her lust.

Shah-Riar gave orders for a new hunting trip immediately and early the next morning they left the city with due pomp and ceremony. As soon as camp was pitched the king retired to his tent refusing to receive anybody. Disguised he sneaked out of the camp and returned back to the city where Shah-Zenon was waiting for him in his palace. They were seated by the same window and after a while they saw the queen appear followed by ten male slaves and the orgy was repeated exactly as Shah-Zenon had described it. Seeing those oiled bodies wriggle in their heat made Shah-Riar loose his temper and and without any hesitation he gave orders to execute his wife and the slaves. One of his eunuchs was found guilty of supplying his wife with potent and virile lovers and lost his head for his services.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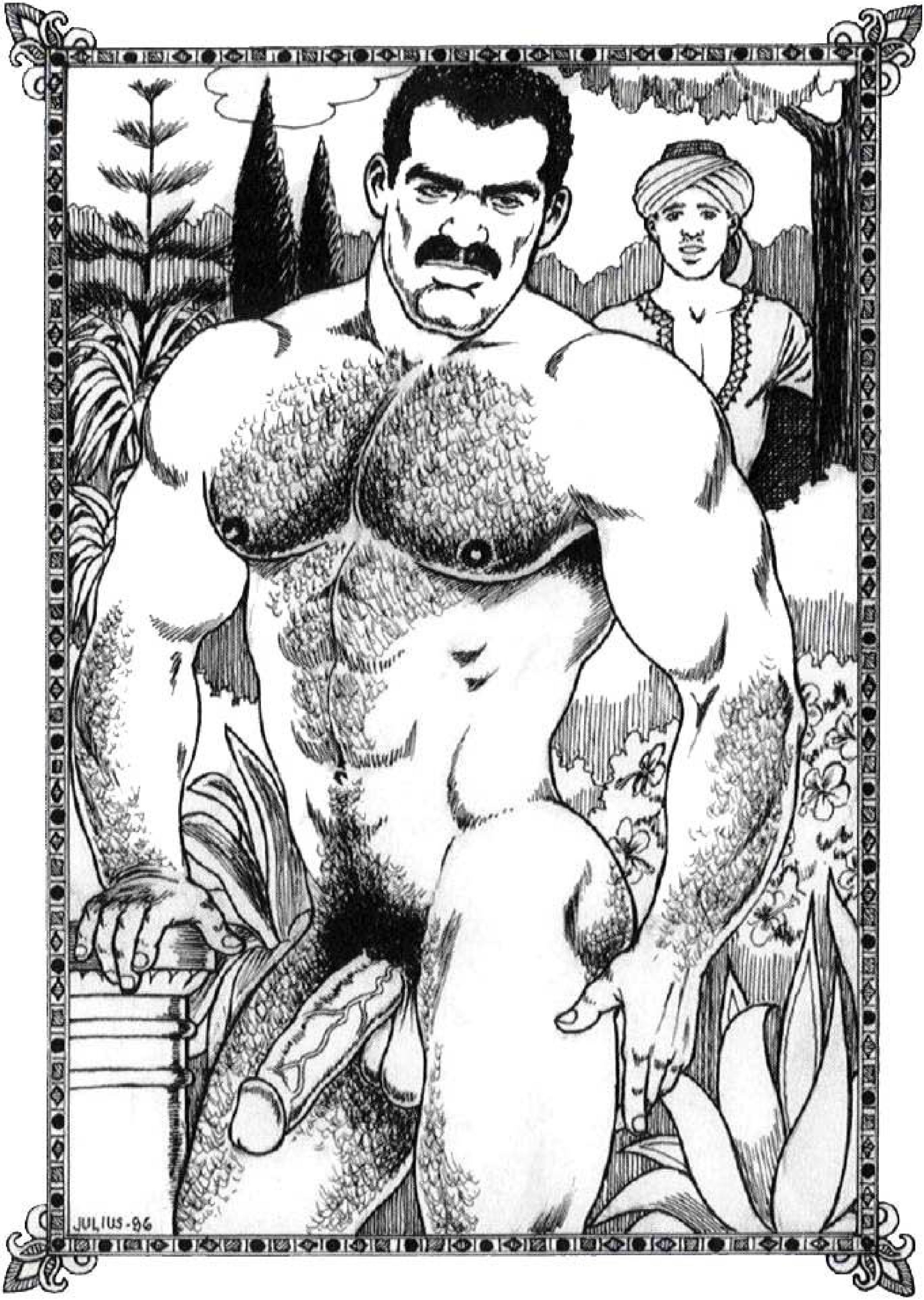
While discussing their misfortune later the two brothers made a solemn oath never to love a woman again. They were treacherous and unfaithful schemers bound to break a man's heart and slander his dignity. Shah-Zenon told his brother how he had enjoyed force fucking his wife's lover and that from now on he would only look for his own pleasure. It led them to recall fond memories of their mutual sex of their youth and they made a decision to fuck only virgin boys, untouched by another man and after a night of reckless and unrestricted sex to leave them to the executioner in the morning. This would guarantee that none of them could ever hurt them like their wives had done. They promised to keep in touch and shortly afterwards Shah-Zenon returned to his country.

Virgin boys were brought to Shah-Riar from all parts of his kingdom but as their fate became known his vizier found it increasingly difficult to meet the demand. All the virgin boys in the country offered their cherry to be picked by anybody as soon as possible just to avoid the fate of Shah-Riar's lovers. The cherries of the virgin slave boys were busted long before they arrived to his kingdom by the slave masters. Finally the vizier turned desperate and anticipating that he would have to pay for his inability to supply virgins with his own life he retired to his house and spent the time praying and arranging his own funeral.

The vizier had two sons of his own, Zaid and Faud, both as beautiful as the full moon and treasures of their father. The older boy, Zaid, was very intelligent and soon found out what bothered his father. He loved his father and could not watch him suffer like that. One day as the vizier was sitting in his room in desperation Zaid came in and persuaded his father to let him spend the night with Shah-Riar. The vizier was horrified by the words of his son, but Zaid was very persistent saying that he would do it to protect his younger brother, Faud, and to save his father from the accusations that he was hiding his own sons from Shah-Riar's lusty eyes.They had a long argument and the vizier realized that Zaid had made up his mind and there was no way he could turn his son's head in this matter. After a long persuasion he finally promised to take his son to the palace.

Unknown to his father Zaid had actually already visited the palace. One day his pet hawk called Haveben (meaning Furious) had followed its prey into the royal garden and in search of his bird Zaid climbed over the garden wall. While searching for his bird Zaid came upon a pool and saw an utterly perfect hunk of a man buck naked taking a bath. Hiding behind the foliage the stunned boy watched the hairy and muscular body glittering wet in the sun. This was quite enough for an innocent boy to get a persistent hardon. The real focus of his enchantment was the man's awesome cock. Dangling and wriggling out of a furry thicket between his brawny and hairy legs it swayed and bounced as he moved looking kind of heavy and wonderfully dangerous. The swollen head of his cock was shiny skinned and jagged veins decorated its fat shaft. It was big, swarthy and utterly fascinating and seemingly ready to spring upright at the slightest provocation. Zaid was mesmerized by its immense beauty and fumbling at himself he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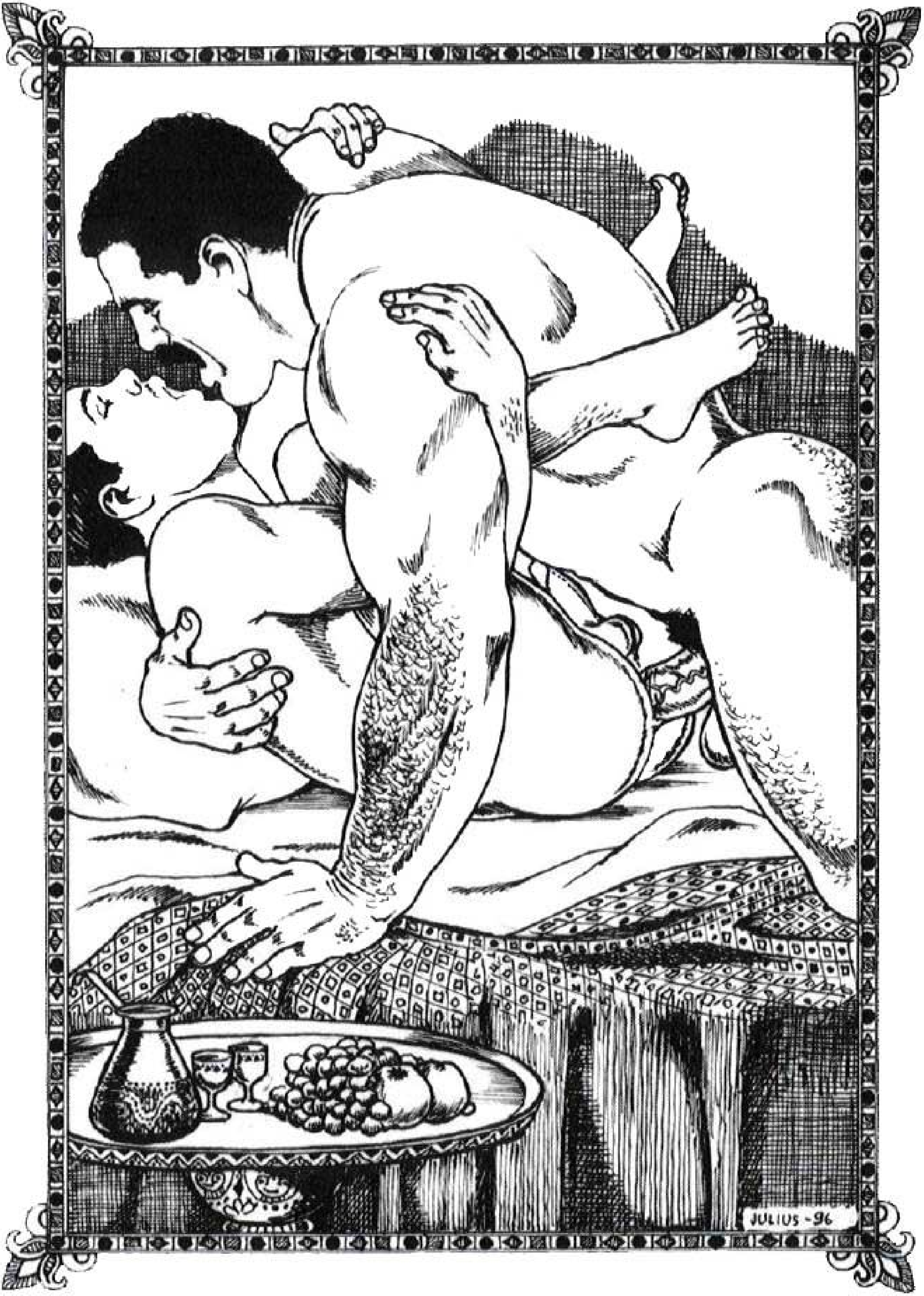
watched the subject of his dreams determined in one way or another to get it right where it belonged, inside his eagerly waiting virgin butt. Zaid's discreet inquiries revealed that he had been watching Shah-Riar himself but that did not scare him off. He was more determined than ever to get what he wanted.

When the distressed vizier brought Zaid to the palace Shah-Riar acted as if the boy was unknown to him although he had seen Zaid some months ago secretly watching him as he bathed. Shah-Riar had been amused and a bit flattered by Zaid's obvious interest and the strong emotions that his nudity had caused in this beautiful boy. Thanking his vizier he turned Zaid into the care of his eunuchs to be groomed for the night. After dinner Shah-Riar retired to his private quarters and found Zaid lying naked on his bed.

The boy looked a bit frightened as he watched Shah-Riar with his dark eyes and his soft lips slightly parted. Shah-Riar noticed the smooth and unblemished skin covering his beautiful body and his nicely curved butt turned Shah-Riar's cock restless reminding him of his long endured abstinence. Zaid's beautiful dark eyes, his softly curved full lips revealing the tips of his shining white teeth and moist rosy tongue, his finely shaped nostrils and the boy's quivering alertness reminded Shah-Riar of an antelope prepared to fly. The candles shed an apricot light making the boy's skin shine warm and peachy. By now Shah-Riar's cock was hard as a rock and impatiently twitching in anticipation of its fun. Shah-Riar buried his hands into Zaid's curly hair and asked why he was naked. The boy blushed violently and said that the finest brocade and the smoothest silk felt coarse and cheap on his skin compared to the touch of his lord and master. Shah-Riar was totally unprepared for that kind of answer and pulling the boy into his arms fondled his smooth body very intimately.

To his surprise he noticed that not only had the boy a stubborn erection but trembling under his touch Zaid pressed his naked body against his lord and master more than willingly. Zaid's quick hands opened Shah-Riar's caftan and found what they were looking for. Burying his burning face into Shah-Riar's furry chest Zaid caressed his column of manhood with trembling hands. Shah-Riar could not resist his lust anymore and stretching the boy out on the satin sheets he mounted him. As he kissed and fondled Zaid passionately he realized that the boy enjoyed it all and offered every part of his slender body to his lusty mouth and horny fingers not submissively, but willingly and showed his appreciation and enjoyment spontaneously. Shah-Riar could easily tell that the boy was untouched and whatever he did was not calculated, but an expression of his true feelings towards his mature and virile lover. Zaid learned fast and their hunger for each other reached a point where Shah-Riar thrust his beefy cock into Zaid's quivering butt and no lubrication was needed. Shah-Riar's drooling tool sank easily into Zaid's willing chute and the boy felt his conqueror buck and surge deep inside him full of virility and pent up energy. Flexing and relaxing his hairy ass, Shah-Riar drove his monster into motion. Zaid got what he had longed for and in spite of the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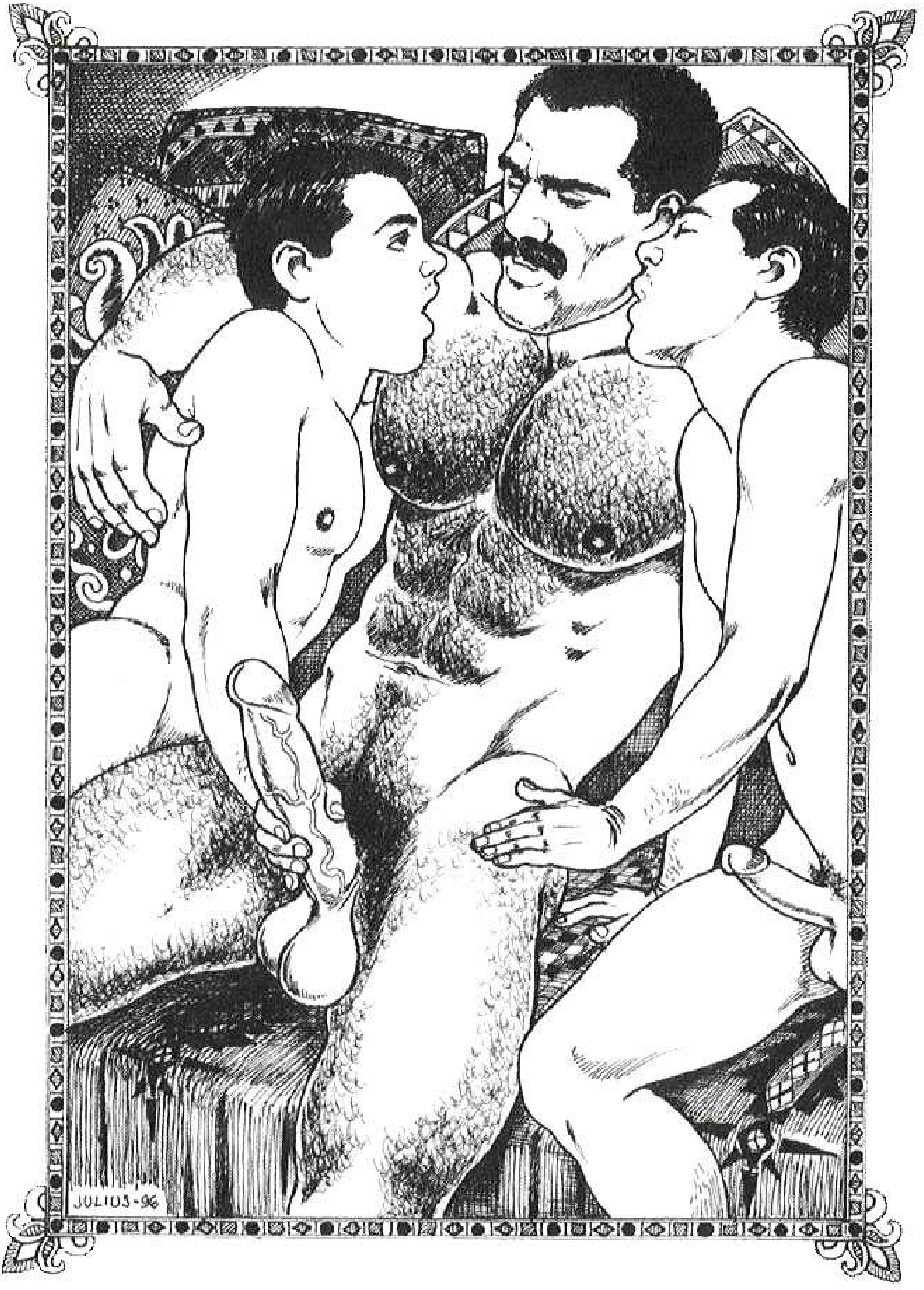
tearing pain he was blissed out in the strong arms of his potent lover. Shah-Riar's thrusts were deep, rapid and hard. Zaid enjoyed the fleshy dong pounding his butt and gradually the pain dissolved turning into a toe curling lust as the husky tormentor which he craved for madly, moved in and out in his elastic channel with enormous vigour and stamina. Alarmed by the fast approaching climax, Zaid suddenly dug his fingers into Shah-Riar's sturdy shoulders and cried out loud as his first ever orgasm hit him like lightning, leaving him sobbing and gasping out of sheer ecstasy in the arms of his rugged lover. The relief came together with hot torrents of cascading cum as Shah-Riar shot his pent up juices into Zaid's strained butt. Afterwards they lay entwined in a blissful stupor but nothing much was needed to get them going again. Shah-Riar's long abstinence and Zaid's roaring lust to learn more combined with their genuine lust for each other guaranteed several piping hot encores before they were able to speak. The boy had inspired Shah-Riar into an unequalled frenzy and given him incredibly powerful orgasms. Shah-Riar was so happy and content that he wanted to show his gratitude by promising to fulfill any wish within his power that the boy might have fully expecting him to ask for his freedom. To his amazement Zaid wanted to see his younger brother, Faud, to bid him farewell. Puzzled, Shah-Riar sent his servants to bring Faud into the palace and after a while the boy entered the room bowing down in front of his king. He had noticed that the buck naked king held his equally naked brother in his arms and that Zaid seemed more than happy. They were having some refreshments and Zaid asked Faud to strip off his clothes and join them if his lord and master allowed. Shah-Riar gave his permission and soon they were sitting comfortably in the big bed and Shah-Riar noticed that the two brothers were equally beautiful and he enjoyed their company enormously.

A sudden breeze blew the candles and Faud said that they needed a lamp to see better. Zaid agreed and said that he had recently heard a story of a quite exceptional lamp. This was a prearranged sign for Faud and he begged his brother to tell more about that strange lamp since this was his last opportunity to hear his stories that had always fascinated him. Zaid promised to do that provided that his lord and master gave his permission. Shah-Riar would have given his permission without a second thought, but as Shah-Riar and Zaid had been so hungry for each other and they had spent most of the night fucking like maniacs it was almost dawn by then. Furthermore, he had enjoyed the company of these beautiful boys enormously and their instinctive confidence combined with their witty playfulness and uninhibited sensuality had brought him a massive hardon that made his balls ache. Therefore Shah-Riar decided that they better leave it until the next night and ordered Faud to be taken home and to be brought back at midnight when Zaid would tell the story for their amusement. Both brothers tried to hide their joy and relief in hearing Shah-Riar's orders. Zaid had saved his neck for at least another day.

When Shah-Riar stretched out on his bed and Zaid saw his prominent hardon he squatted on top of him and guided the bloated crown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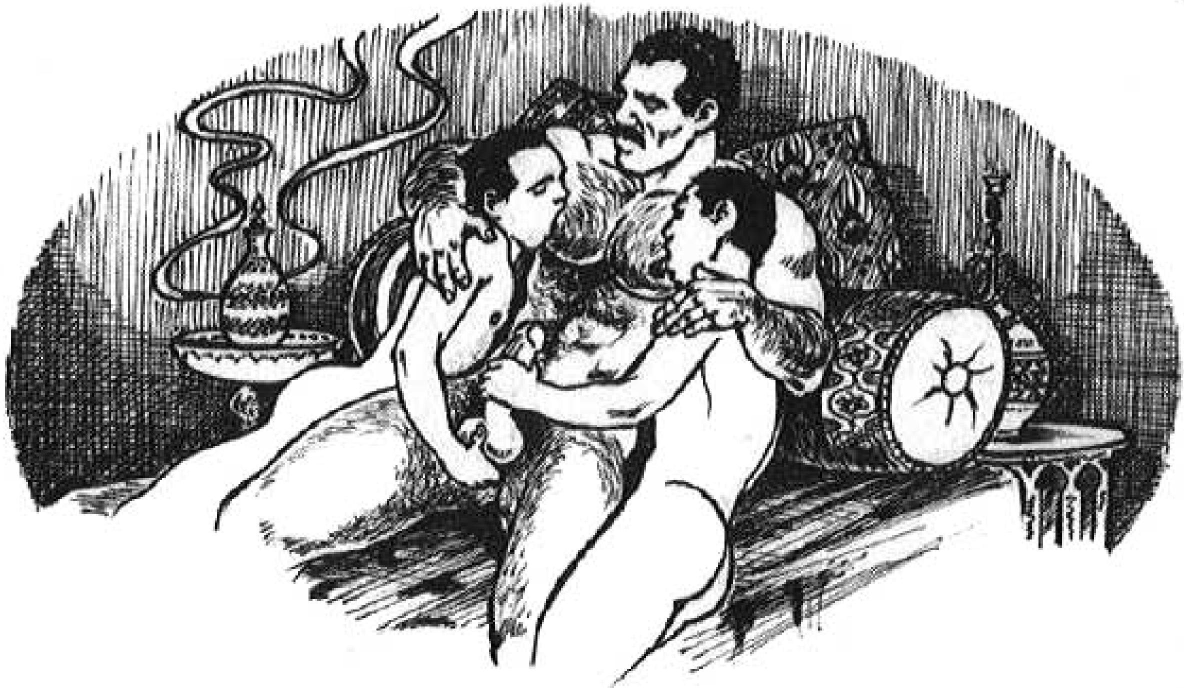
into his gaping crack. Slowly he began to fuck himself on his lover's robust tool getting more of it inside him each time until the king's glistening scepter was buried to the throbbing hilt. Clenching his rigid rod with his rippling chute Zaid made the gasping and heaving Shah-Riar toss and turn in agony until moaning and groaning, he emptied his cock in a shattering blast of scalding semen that sent the shivering Zaid into orbit, shooting his boy juices in lusty abandon all over Shah-Riar's furry body. After Zaid collapsed on top of his lover they fell asleep immediately, Shah-Riar's flaccid cock still buried in Zaid's stained butt.

Shah-Riar spent the following day performing his duties, but he could not get Zaid out of his mind. He had to endure a prominent hardon all day long as his jutting cock reminded him of the pleasures waiting for him.

Zaid had the same problems. It was difficult for him to calm his anxious father when Shah-Riar and his tool of magic were constantly in his mind and every nerve in his body sang the praise of his robust conqueror.

When they finally saw each other the result was a sexually close combat, long and merciless. The exchange of shots was rapid and shattering explosions shook them both until they at last could touch each other without further demands. After a pleasant dinner Faud was brought in and curled naked under Shah-Riar's arm as Zaid began to tell the story of the magic lamp.



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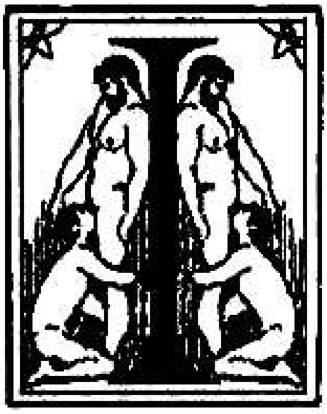
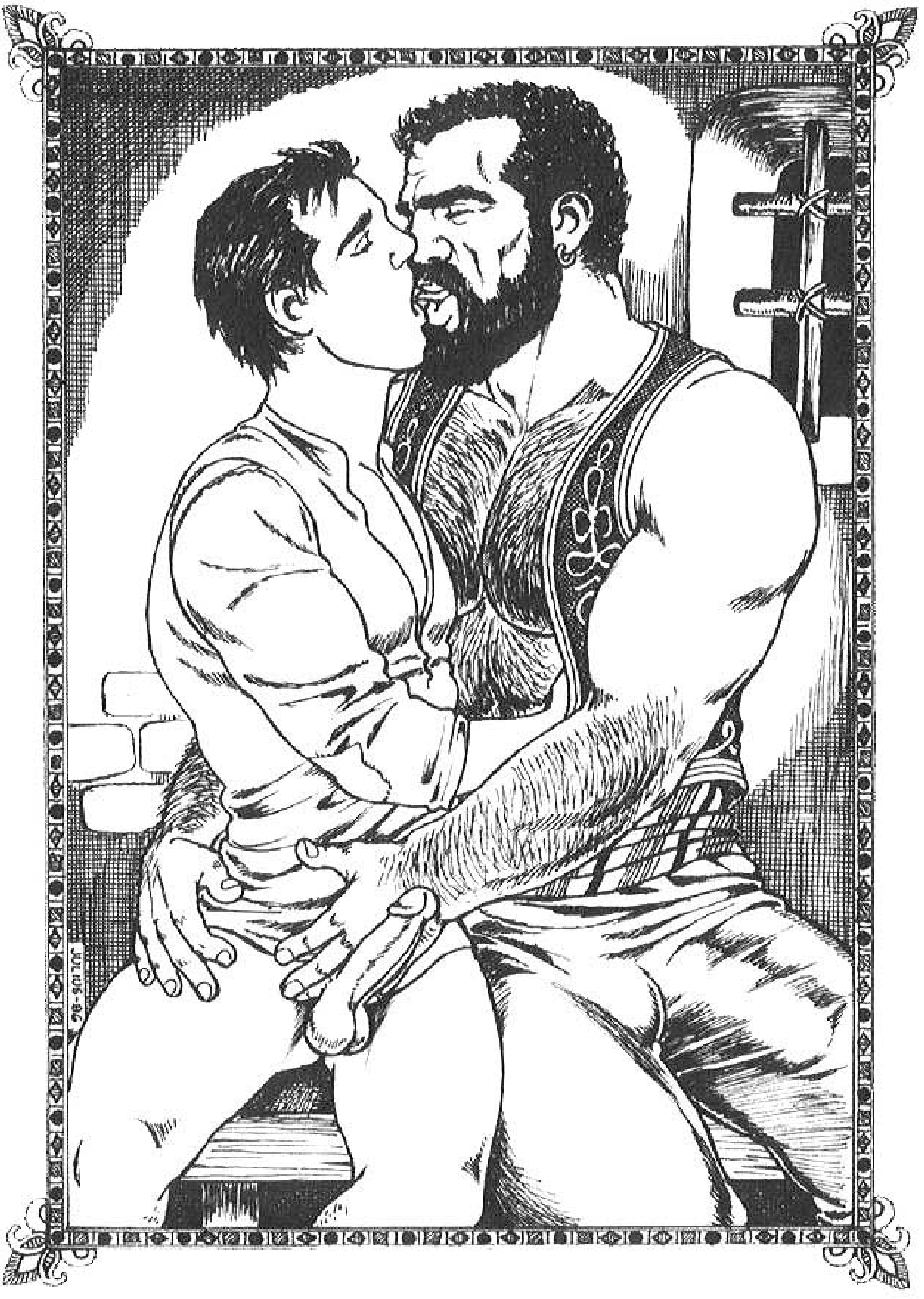


It is told, your Majesty that during the reign of the caliph Harun Ar-Rashid (meaning Aron The Honest) there lived a poor sandal maker. He had a son called Al-Addin who was more interested in colorful street life than helping his father in his workshop. As soon as his father turned his back the boy slipped and disappeared into the crowd which filled the maze of nameless side streets and narrow lanes. His father tried all kinds of discipline but to no avail. Al-Addin was incurable. When his father died Al-Addin had no professional skills and spent all his time hanging out in the streets. He was a street boy with good looks and somehow managed to get along.

Several months after Al-Addin's father was buried a handsome stranger appeared in town. He was an Egyptian sorcerer and he immediately noticed the nice looking boy who hung out in the streets. He made some discreet inquiries and soon knew everything about Al-Addin. He had been looking for a boy like him for quite sometime and now that he had found him he put his plan into practice without further delay.

Al-Addin was surprised when a swarthy handsome man approached him on the street saying that Al-Addin must be the son of his deceased brother, Hakim, the sandal maker. Al-Addin had never heard of any brothers of his father but the stranger seemed to know everything about him and his family and was so delighted in seeing him that he kissed and hugged Al-Addin all the time. His groping hands were a bit too busy for an uncle but when the stranger gave him several gold coins and asked Al-Addin to take them to his mother and to prepare for a visit by Azzam, the brother of her late husband, Al-Addin hesitated no more, but ran home with his wonderful news. Al-Addin's mother was as amazed by his story as Al-Addin had been but hurried to get the house ready for the visitor. She sent Al-Addin to buy some food. Azzam arrived after sunset carrying all kinds of gifts and rare delicacies. He asked Al-Addin's mother to forgive him for not arriving earlier but he had just returned from a very long business trip and had hurried to see his dear brother only to find out that he had died in his absence. The doubts Al-Addin's mother might have had disappeared with his polite and respectful manners and his impeccable knowledge of her late husband and his family.

They spent a pleasant evening with Azzam telling about his journeys and his seemingly innocent hugs and kisses made the fatherless boy fall in love with this hunky stranger. When Azzam promised to take care of Al-Addin from now on his mother was more than happy since the boy was a burden to his poor mother. They discussed Al-Addin's future and when she went to the kitchen, Azzam kissed and fondled the grateful and submissive boy with steadily increasing daringness while keeping on the conversation with his mother in the other room. When it was time for Azzam to leave the dazed boy accompanied him. They walked the moonlit streets towards the caravan serai where Azzam had his lodging. When Azzam kissed the boy good night Al-Addin responded eagerly and to his satisfaction Azzam felt a stubby but persistent hardon as the boy pressed his slender body against him.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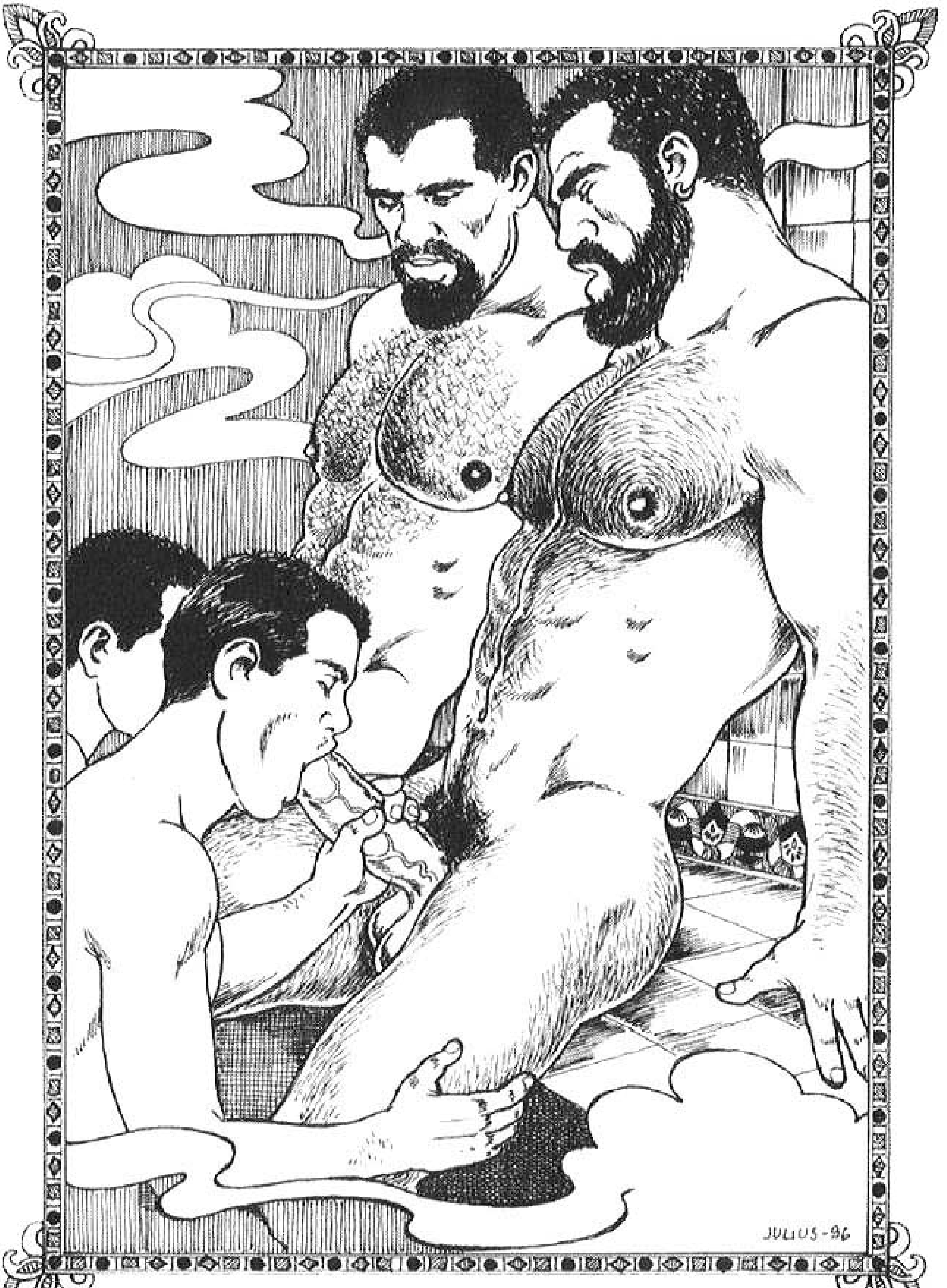
The following day Azzam took Al-Addin to the big bazar and bought him new beautiful clothes and after that they went to a bath house on one of the side streets to be groomed. As Al-Addin stripped off his old ragged clothes the naked Azzam watched him closely. Al-Addin noticed that and blushed. Azzam pulled the boy into his arms and made him sit on his lap. Fondling the boy's body and looking him straight in his eyes he told him that a tender affection among relatives was natural and nothing to be ashamed of. Azzam's low soothing voice and his strong gentle hands were so reassuring that when he kissed the boy and pressed him against his muscular body the boy did not fight back but responded willingly. Azzam told him that since he was going to be more like a father to him even more intimate signs of love and affection were appropriate. He then pushed his thick tongue deep into Al-Addin's moist mouth and rubbing the boy's slippery tongue clutched his butt cheeks with both hands and fondled his nicely curved buttocks unabashedly. Al-Addin's hands hit Azzam's towering cock and out of sheer curiosity he wrapped his fingers around the hot throbber. He had never felt such overpowering excitement as when he cautiously stroked the solid shaft. The bloated knob was so big and hot and the jagged veins stood out on the rock hard stem under his fingers. His own dick reacted immediately and stood upright. Azzam opened the cleft hiding the boy's bud and stroked it with his firm fingers until the bud opened and let his persistent suitor in. One by one the others followed until the cleft had turned into a gap and the boy was like molten wax in Azzam's arms. When he rose and carried Al-Addin into the steam room the boy was more than ready for the hot carnal delights Azzam had in store for him.

In the steam room, among the thick clouds of steam, there were other men and boys but Al-Addin hardly noticed them, he was too absorbed by Azzam's mature and masculine beauty. But when the boy next to him started to suck his partner's hefty column of manhood with obvious gusto Al-Addin was spellbound. When Azzam noticed his fascination he made Al-Addin kneel between his hairy legs and pulled the boy's face into his furry crotch. The ever-hard hunk of meat he had shyly fumbled stood right in front of him, rising boldly from a dark thicket like a minaret lifting its shiny skinned bulbous head high above his face. The arid heat of Azzam's crotch and the rank smell of his manhood bewitched Al-Addin so that without any hesitation he licked Azzam's sturdy weapon all the way from the fragrant heavy balls up to the swollen knob glistening with his man juices. When Al-Addin mawed the solid head he tasted the salty flavor of Azzam's precum for the first time and with his elastic tongue he tried to catch every drop of it, but every lap of his lusty tongue made the inflamed knob surge and billow leaking more essence of Azzam's manhood into his covetous mouth until Azzam could not take it anymore and grunting gruffly pulled his glistening cock out and grabbing the boy under his arm left the steam room.

Azzam pushed Al-Addin into a small tiled cubicle and closed the heavy curtain behind them. What happened next is a bit difficult to describe. Suddenly Azzam was all over the boy kissing and squeezing his body in a frenzy that frightened the inexperienced boy. But Azzam's amorous embrace was so dizzying that when he lifted Al-Addin onto a marble washing stand and mounted him, the boy melted in his arms in total devotion.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and Al-Addin grew restless. Azzam calmed the boy with his cock, fucking the blissed out boy until he would have followed him anywhere.

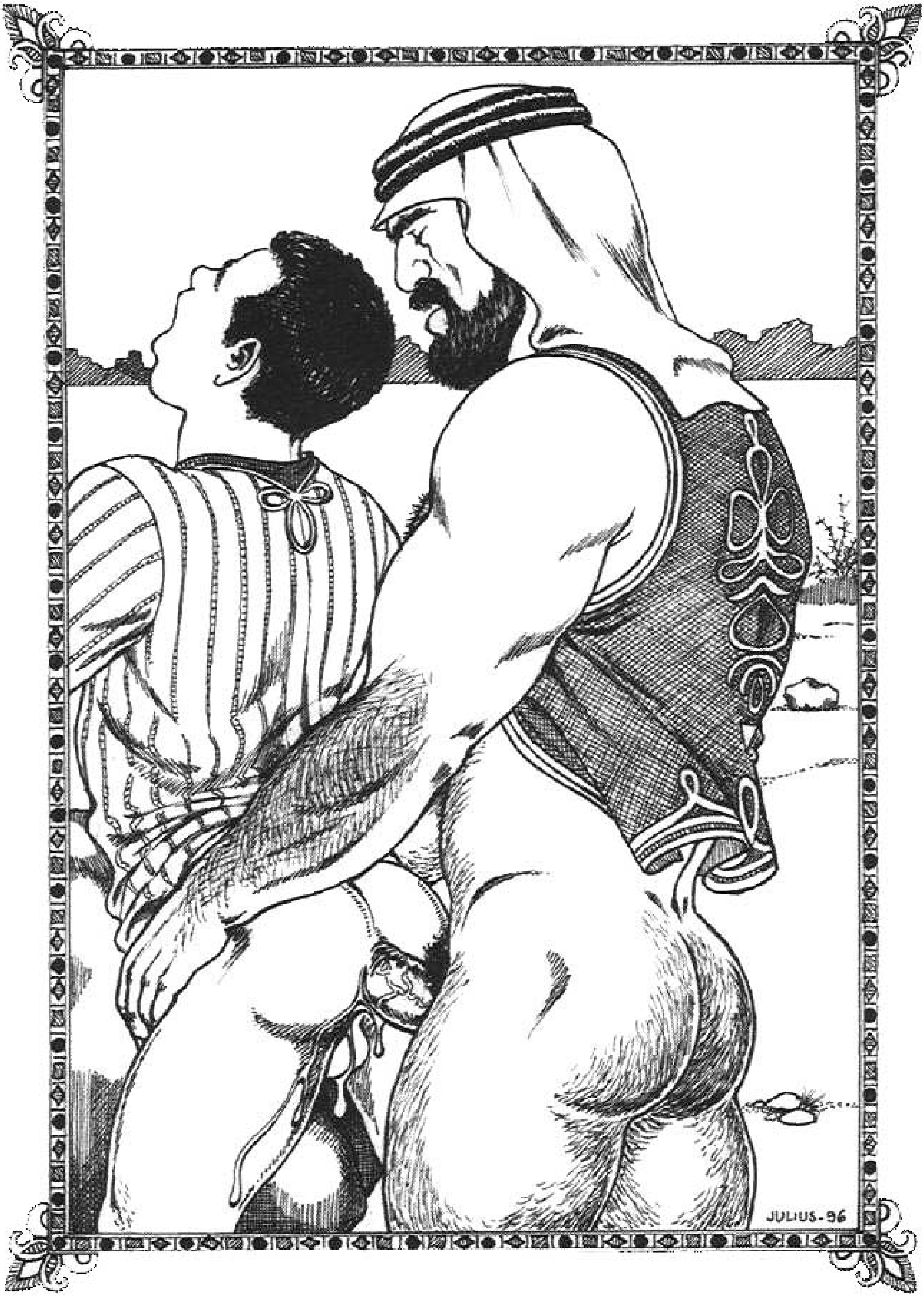
In the evening they came to an arid valley and after a careful inspection Azzam asked Al-Addin to collect dry sticks for an open fire between two rocks that looked like tomb stones. Azzam lit the campfire and muttering strange words he threw some powder into the flames. Al-Addin saw a bright flash and heard an explosion that shook the ground. When the smoke vanished Azzam brushed the remains of the camp fire aside and under it he found a big metal ring fixed to a large stone. Azzam asked the boy to lift up the stone but the stone was so big that a boy like Al-Addin could never have lifted it alone. To please Azzam he did try and to his amazement the stone moved easily revealing a small gap in the ground. Azzam asked Al-Addin to listen carefully and to do exactly as he was told and they would soon be rich beyond their wildest expectations.

Azzam told the boy that they were standing above a hidden treasure. The gap was in the roof of a narrow corridor leading into an artificial garden buried in the ground a long, long time ago. Azzam said that since the gap was so small Al-Addin had to go down. In the corridor there would be large metal dishes filled with gold coins, but Al-Addin had to avoid touching them or the walls of the corridor or he would be killed immediately. He must walk straight into the garden and on the back wall there will be a shelf with an old lamp on it. He should take the lamp, throw away the wick and after pouring out the oil bring the lamp to Azzam. He could, if he wanted to, pick up some fruits in the garden, but the lamp was the most important thing for them to have.

Al-Addin was reluctant to go down into the darkness but Azzam turned furious and seething with anger forced him to obey. When Al-Addin's feet touched the floor he noticed that there was some light at the end of the dark corridor and he hurried towards it, avoiding to touch anything on his way. The corridor led into a garden more magnificent than anyone could ever imagine. There was lush green grass, all kinds of exotic flowers and the trees carried an abundance of different fruits. Among the vegetation there were ponds with fountains and the garden radiated with strange light.

As Al-Addin reached for an apple he realized that it was not an apple at all. Actually everything in this luxurious garden was made of priceless jewels. The apples were made of emeralds, the cherries were rubies, the grapes were made of amethyst and the fountains of diamonds. Even the birds and the fish in the ponds were made of glittering jewels. Al-Addin obviously did not know that at the time, how could a poor gamin know anything about such rare treasures? He thought that they were made of tinted glass but since they looked very pretty he decided to take some of them home.

Quickly he ran to the garden wall and found the lamp. Al-Addin stripped off his tunic and making a sack out of it put the lamp inside. Then he started to pick up the beautiful things he saw in the garden. Soon his sack was filled with birds, butterflies, flowers and fruits, all exceedingly beautiful. When he could not carry anything more he returned to the corridor. Azzam had made a rope out of his tunic and asked Al-addin to tie the lamp at the end of it. The lamp was at the bottom of the sack buried under all the beautiful things that Al-Addin had picked up in the garden and the boy was reluctant. He insisted that Azzam pull him up first and then he would get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his lamp. There was a terrible argument which ended when furious Azzam put the stone back on its place, burying Al-Addin alive in his luxurious death chamber.

After many futile attempts to get out of his grave, the desperate boy returned to the garden. He was sitting under a tree full of flowers made of precious pearls. All these treasures were worthless to him now and he bitterly regretted that he had not obeyed Azzam's orders. Little did he know that his fate would have been exactly the same. Azzam knew that the only way for him to get the lamp was to have someone else fetch it for him. He also knew about the deadly corridor which was too narrow for a big hunky man like Azzam. Therefore he had searched for a boy, simple enough to be fooled by him and Al-Addin had been precisely what he had looked for. A cock-crazy orphan whose absence would bother no one and who could be fucked into blind devotion and obedience was ideal for Azzam's purposes. Enraged by the failure of his plan he returned to Egypt determined to get the lamp one way or another and left Al-Addin callously to die.

By the third day thirst and hunger had made Al-Addin weak and delirious. Preparing for his death, he emptied his tunic to put it on and dropped the lamp. He saw that there was a ring inside. It looked a bit strange but he put it on his finger. When he turned it a half-naked big man suddenly appeared in front of him asking what he wanted. The delirious boy thought that Azzam had returned and gathering all his strength he crawled to his feet, tore off the man's loin cloth and buried his face into his musky crotch. The man's big cock expanded rapidly and its bloated head glistened with man juices. The musky smell of the man's crotch was real and judging by the heady aroma his precum was not made of pearls either. Al-Addin devoured the turgid life saver and sucked the big swollen head saying that he wanted it all because he badly needed something to eat and drink.

Hardly had he said these words when the man disappeared into thin air and Al-Addin saw all kinds of food and drink set on the grass beside him. Al-Addin was not sure whether he was still dreaming but the food sure tasted marvellous and he ate as much as he could and fell asleep, exhausted by his ordeal.

When he woke up after many hours the dishes had disappeared but he felt refreshed and recovered. As he tried to figure out how to get out of his prison he absentmindedly turned the ring on his finger and the big man he had presumed to have been a kind of hallucination, stood in front of him again asking what his master wanted. Al-Addin was so surprised that he barely managed to express his desire to get out of the ground, but hardly had he finished uttering his wish when he found himself standing outside among the remains of the camp fire carrying his sack filled with treasures.

Utterly delighted, Al-Addin hurried home and told everything to his mother who was horrified by Azzam's betrayal but happy to get her son back. The long journey had made Al-Addin hungry again but his mother had nothing to eat. She had spun some yarn and she intended to go and sell it on the market. If she was lucky she might get enough money to buy some bread. Al-Addin was reluctant to sell any of the trinkets he had brought but then he remembered the old lamp. Asking his mother to save her yarn he fetched the lamp and asked her to sell that instead. The lamp was dusty and stained and in order to get a higher price for it he began to rub it clean with sand.

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Hardly had he touched it when thick smoke filled the room and a huge man appeared asking what his master wanted with a thundering voice. Al-Addin's mother fell on the ground mortally frightened by the sight but Al-Addin had seen something like this happen before and did not hesitate to ask for something to eat. No sooner had he said this than the delicious aroma of fresh food filled the house and Al-Addin's stupefied mother saw beautiful dishes filled with all kinds of delicacies accompanied with exquisite wines laid out on their rickety table.

Al-Addin's mother realized that the food was brought by a demon and warned her son not to bother them any more than absolutely necessary. Then they ate heartily and saved the rest for the next day. After dinner Al-Addin went to the bath house he had frequented with Azzam. To his mother he said that he was going to do some investigating to find out what had happened to Azzam but that was not the only reason. Now that he was nourished he remembered the hot sex practiced in the premises. He was horny as hell and craved for a mature and potent rod to burst into his hungry butt and fill his cavity with its fragrant juices.

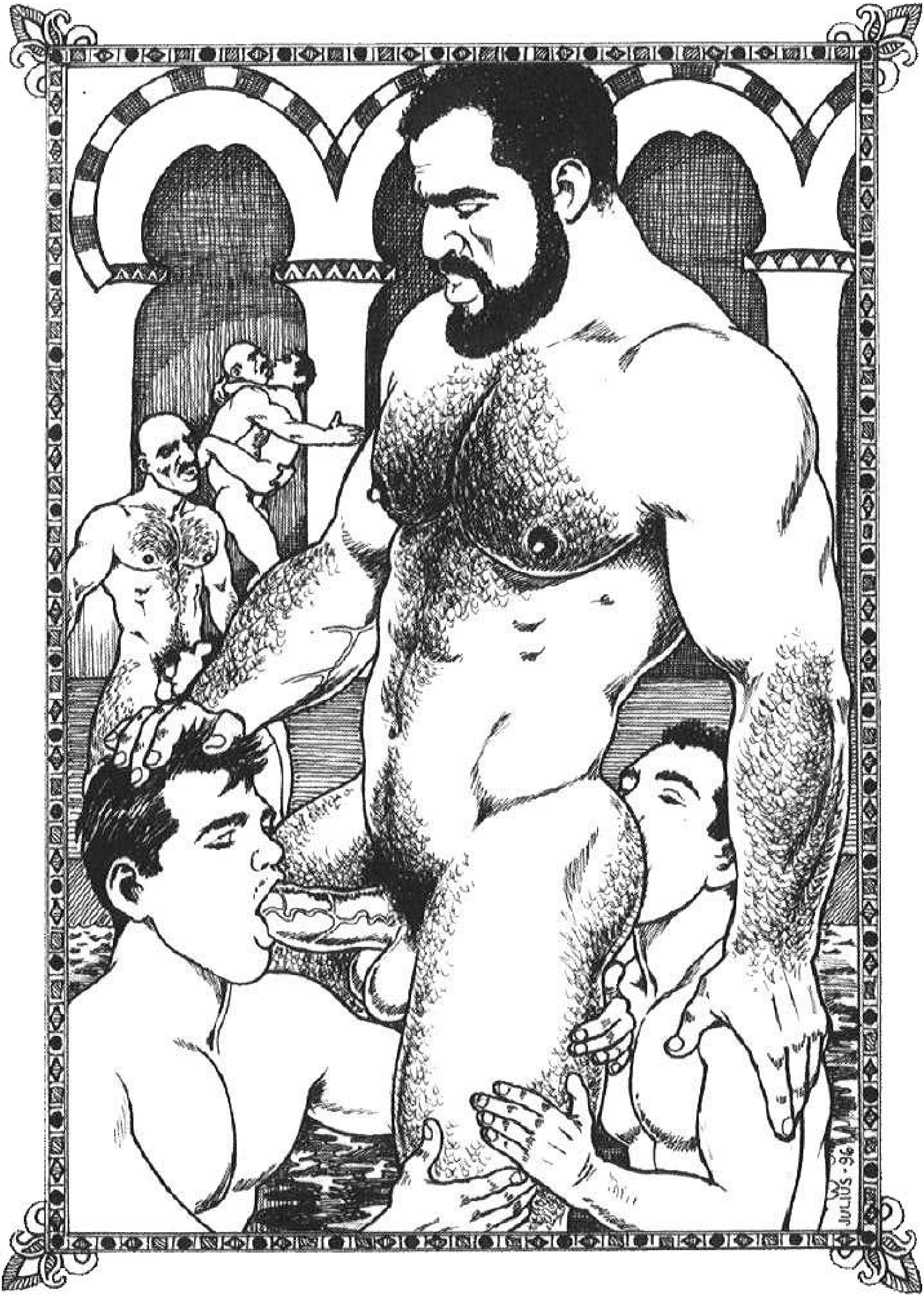
As he entered the bath house the proprietor welcomed him very politely but told him that the place was closed for the day because prince Muzaffar with his friends were having a private party. Al-Addin had seen the prince riding in a parade and he was an extremely handsome man. Al-Addin wanted to see the prince naked and persuaded the proprietor, Rahim, to let him sneak a look at the party. After Al-Addin swore never to tell anybody and promised to let Rahim fuck him anyway he wanted, Rahim took him into a small room and made him strip off his clothes and kneel on a hassock. Right in front of him there was a narrow window covered with metal mesh through which one could see into the washing room without being noticed.

Eager Al-Addin peeked in and saw the prince standing naked in the pool while one boy was sucking his cock and another had his face buried deep between the prince's hairy buttocks. The sight was so hot that Al-Addin's cock sprang straight up and as he devoured Muzaffar's muscular body with his greedy eyes, he hardly noticed the substantial joint that was thrust deep into his own butt.

Rahim had considerable experience in fucking the gamins of Baghdad and his cock was notorious among the lusty street urchins, but to his disappointment Al-Addin didn't show proper respect. Although he offered his round butt to him eagerly, Al-Addin seemed to only have eyes for the husky and handsome Muzaffar and the zealous Rahim made the boy pay for that.

Rahim's steely weapon of offense was straight as a lance and he attacked Al-Addin's bubble butt with fierce energy. Propped up against the wall, Al-Addin received Rahim's savage assaults upon his unprotected butt. The heated man hammered his innards with his fat and ferocious member alternating deep penetrating strokes with short violent thrusts in a rapid succession. Al-Addin felt Rahim's uneven puffing and blowing in his bare neck and simultaneously saw what was going on in the steamy wash room.

In the dim light Al-Addin noticed that there was a full-fledged orgy in progress down there. Al-Addin saw some of Mufazzar's robust bodyguards and their rugged commander, easily recognizable because of their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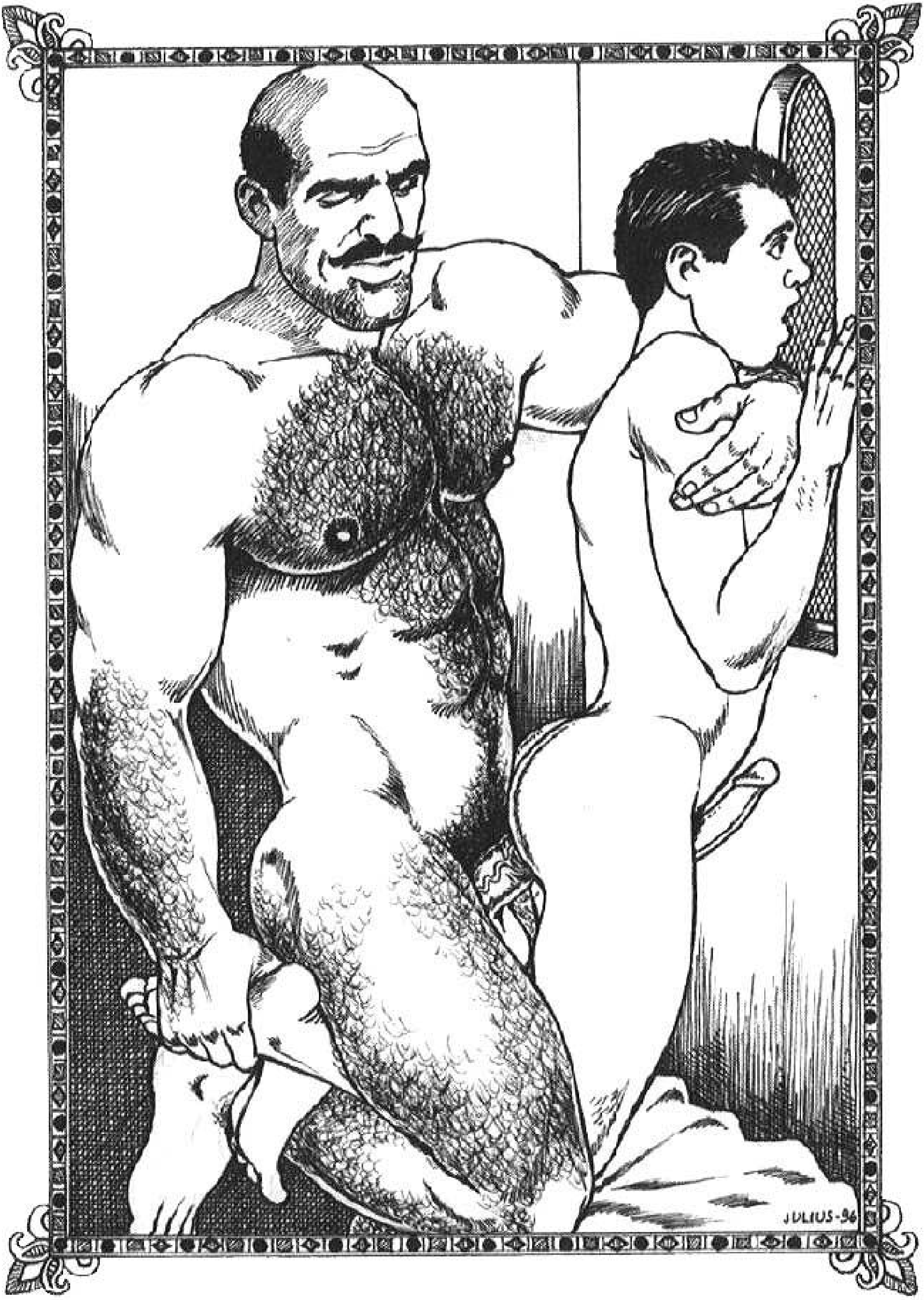
shaved heads, all engaged in various sexual activities with younger boys. Dazzled by the amount of the hunky solid cocks servicing avid mouths and gaping butts and shaken by an intense orgasm, Al-Addin shot his load. Rahim had fought against cumming for quite some time but as spasms of ecstasy filled the boy's innards, Rahim lost the battle and thrusting his drooling weapon deep inside Al-Addin's convulsing chute he blasted his charge of hot spunk.

In spite of Rahim's heroic performance, Al-Addin could not get Muzaffar out of his mind. He could not sleep and lost his appetite as he desperately tried to find a way to meet him. For a son of a poor sandal maker getting intimately involved with a prince was highly unlikely and he had not recognized any of the boys either. In his usual manner he walked on the streets frustrated by his futile lust when he came to the big bazar. On display there were luxuries from all over the world. Among the items Al-Addin saw gems similar to those that he had picked in the garden. He was astonished at their exorbitant prices even though they were much smaller and not half as beautiful as his own. Suddenly he had found a way to approach Muzaffar.

The sultan accompanied by his vizier and other court officials held a reception for the citizens once a week listening to their complaints, worries and wishes. Al-Addin wrapped his priceless treasure into his mother's scarf and sent her to the reception with orders to give it to the sultan saying that it was a gift from her son, Al-Addin, to his son, prince Muzaffar. When the poor old lady untied her ragged scarf everyone was dazzled by the brilliant glittering of the sparkling jewels. The sultan thanked her on behalf of his son and promised that Muzaffar would contact her son and thank him personally. Delirious Al-Addin waited for an invitation to the palace that never materialized.

The sultan had a vizier who arranged everything in the palace. The sultan was getting old and to secure his future, the sly vizier had decided to turn his son into Muzaffar's lover. The prince was a notorious ass-man and when he had a fresh rosy butt to fuck he would leave the governing to his ambitious vizier and concentrate on his carnal pleasures. The vizier did not want any competitors to his son and a boy sending priceless jewels to Muzaffar was just such a threat. He therefore made all kinds of excuses to postpone the invitation until no one remembered the matter and the vizier chose to forget it himself. Al-Addin was turning desperate again and one night while worrying what had happened he absentmindedly turned the ring on his finger and the familiar giant appeared before him asking what his master wanted.

The depressed boy told him everything. Uttering a deep sigh he wondered what had happened. The demon told him what had happened and that the sly vizier was very close to his goal. With hints about his son's budding sexuality the vizier made a veiled suggestion that Muzaffar could use his king's first right and initiate his virgin son into the world of carnal delights. The vizier would consider it an honor if the prince would pick his son's cherry. To further his cause the tricky vizier arranged Muzaffar to accidentally-on-purpose see his son naked and acting upon his father's orders the boy revealed his delights to Muzaffar's lusty eyes. The hairy-assed cocksman needed no further persuasion and later that night the unsuspecting boy was to be led into Muzaffar's bed to be deflowered.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Shocked, Al-Addin said that the scheming vizier deserved to be punished and ordered the demon to snatch the vizier's son as soon as he arrived at the palace. Remembering the demon's fat cock that he had sucked in the garden, Al-Addin ordered him to take the boy away and to bust his cherry as a punishment for his ambitious father and not to return him to the palace before sunrise.

When the vizier's son arrived at the palace that night the giant demon grabbed him under his arm and like a whirlwind carried the wriggling boy off to the mountains. There he stretched him out on a bed of grass and stripped off his clothes. The frightened boy fought in vain against his powerful molester who jabbed his enormous cock into his yielding butt hole. Forcing his sphincter to give in, the demon rammed his massive pole into his tight channel inch by inch. The screaming boy resisted as best he could, but his resistance gradually weakened and his rage slowly turned into a puzzled amazement and eventually into delighted enthusiasm.

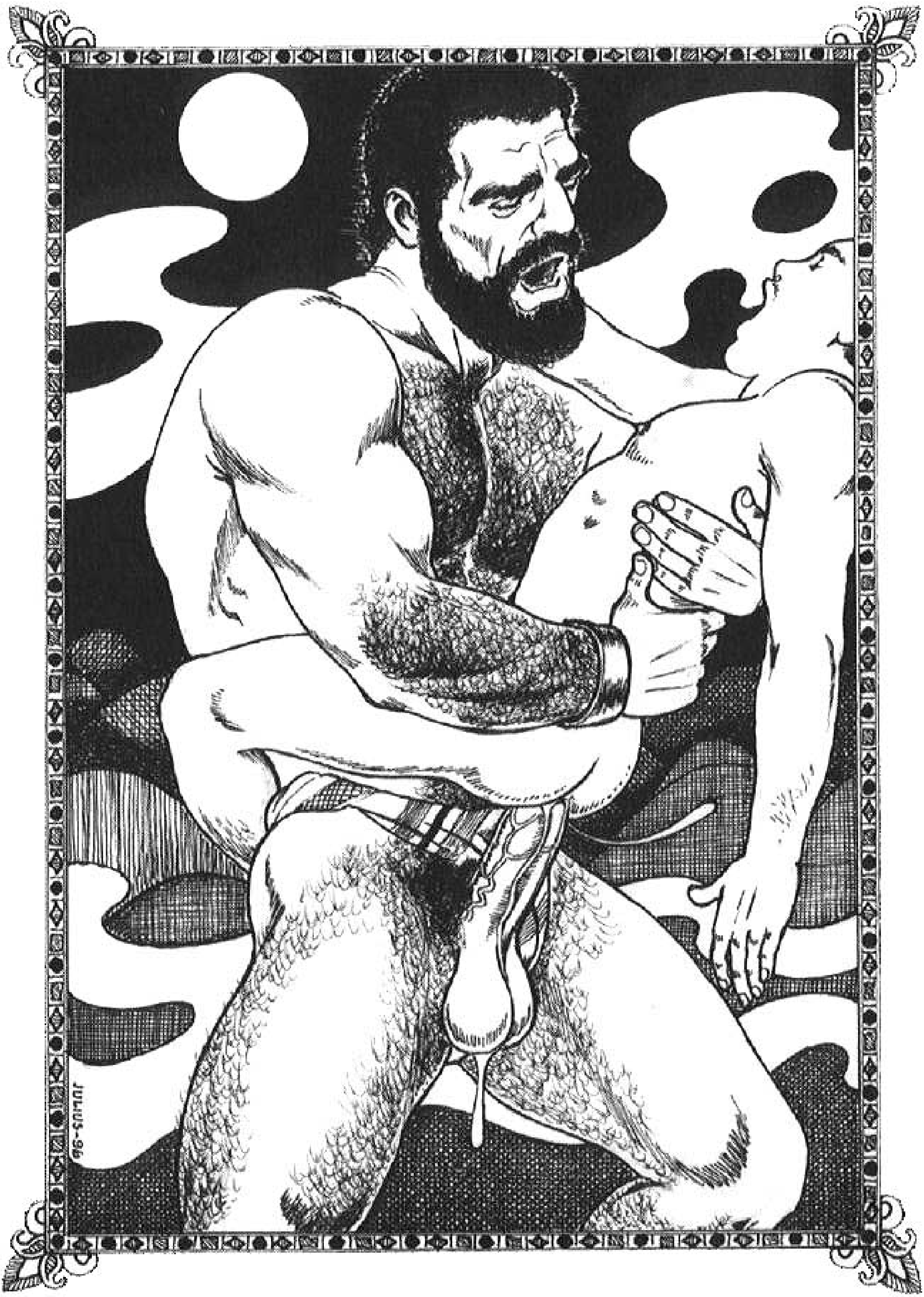
The demon fucked the boy all night and gave him shattering orgasms one after another. The delirious boy spasmed in the arms of his demonic lover swooning in a blissful ecstasy unaware of anything else but the thick throbber inside him that made him feel so good. When the demon finally brought him back and left him in front of the vizier's house, his father woke up and saw his son naked, his butt flaming red and his whole body splattered with rank smelling cum. Exhilarated, he ran to congratulate his son but when he learned what had happened his fury was enraged all the more by his son's stupid smile and his blissed indifference.

The vizier hurried to the palace and apologized for the confusion. He assured the sultan the next night he would deliver his son personally and that the poor boy had gone astray in the darkness.

When the demon told Al-Addin about the vizier's intentions he ordered the demon to snatch them both and take them to the mountains and to keep them there until the sunrise.

The demon fulfilled Al-Addin's wishes and when the vizier and his son appeared on the palace grounds that night he swept them off their feet and like a whirlwind carried them to the mountains. He ripped off their clothes and disappeared. The vizier was furious but the cold night wind soon cooled him off and since it was impossible to go down in the pitch darkness they were obliged to seek for some kind of shelter and to rely on each other for warmth and protection.

The naked vizier sat on a rock and pulled his shivering son in his arms. The naked boy searched for some warmth from his father's hairy body. Bashfully he pressed his slender body against him tightly and trustfully leaned his head on his sturdy shoulder. The boy ran his fingers through his father's furry pecs and unconsciously fumbled his protruding nipples. They turned big and hard in his fingers and as his father tightened his hug he became aware of something much harder and bigger. The boy sat on his father's lap, his legs straddling his hairy thighs. Looking down he noticed that his father sported a massive hardon. Out of his bushy crotch rose a solid cock of equine proportions standing up tight against his hairy belly. The sensual touch of his son's naked body and his languid submissiveness had done their trick on the embarrassed vizier. His cock was harder than it ever had been and he felt vehement desire in his groin, so urgent that it turned his blood hot and made his breathing hoarse.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with what he saw, he pulled the submissive boy into his arms, caressing his smooth body covetously.

Muzaffar had endured celibacy for several days and now that he had a willing boy in his arms his awesome cock was hard as a nail and immediately in a fuck-ready state. He pulled the boy under him and locked his face between his muscular thighs. Grinding his musky smelling crotch against the boy's open mouth and stroking his burning face with his inflamed cock, Muzaffar asked Al-Addin to make him happy. Unknowingly he was offering the boy the very tool he had secretly longed for and Muzaffar was in for a real treat. Spreading the man's hairy buttocks Al-Addin buried his face into his fragrant crack and licked Muzaffar's furry ass hole with his slippery tongue. Al-Addin then began to eat the man's ass ravenously and shoved his wet tongue deep into Muzaffar's chute. The man's hefty buttocks jerked and his turgid cock wriggled, dribbling generously. As Al-Addin licked and sucked Muzaffar's utterly perfect tool from the firm base all the way up to the bloated knob, the man shuddered in anticipation. The boy gave special attention to his heavy balls and his hot mouth made Muzaffar moan loudly.

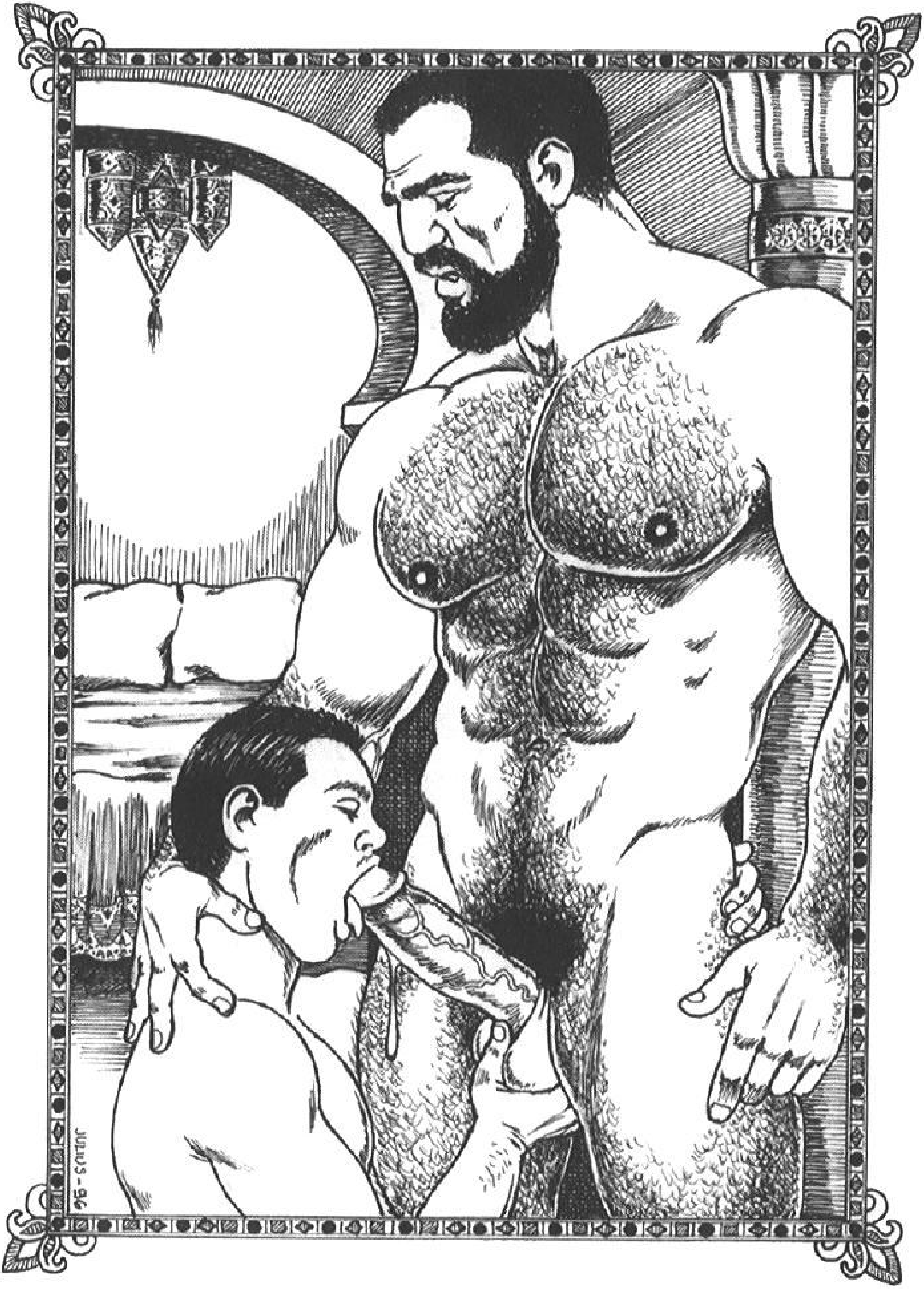
When Al-Addin licked the inflamed knob teasing the pouting slit at its tip and the sensitive edges with his agile tongue, Muzaffar got such a fit of roaring lust that he grabbed Al-Addin's head with his strong hands and jabbed his throbbing cock deep into the boy's moist mouth and fucked his face panting fervorously. The girth of Muzaffar's imposing cock stretched Al-Addin's mouth to the extreme but the boy was so horny that he eagerly offered his mouth to his husky lover. Al-Addin's face was buried deep in the furry thicket of Muzaffar's crotch and he was very close to suffocating when the man finally, howling loudly, shot his load of scalding cock sauce right into the boy's throat forcing him to swallow it all.

Muzaffar wiped his now flaccid but still drooling cock across Al-Addin's face and his curly hair. He collapsed on top of the heaving boy and with his big tongue licked the remains of his own cum out of the boy's face and ended up kissing the boy passionately.

That was a prelude to a night filled with frantic and covetous fucking and shattering orgasms. Their glistening bodies heaved in a variety of lusty embraces as they hungrily reached for each climax, but each ecstatic explosion of relief contained a smoldering spark of all-devouring desire that soon burned their bodies again. Muzaffar was hung like a stallion and his amorous appetite was attributed to a stud, but it took a lot of time for him to shoe this wild and covetous colt. Needless to say that he enjoyed every minute of it and when they woke up in the morning, Muzaffar knew that he would never let him go.

The prince thanked the vizier heartily for finding the boy and gave orders for a new palace to be built for Al-Addin and himself. Every day Al-Addin visited the building site but to his disappointment the work progressed too slowly and he turned impatient.

Al-Addin described to the demon in his magic lamp the palace he wanted in detail and ordered it to be erected overnight. When the citizens woke up in the morning they saw a magnificent new palace built of white marble with precious decorations glittering in the sun. Al-Addin and Muzaffar moved in with their servants and slaves and Al-Addin placed his magic lamp on a place of honor in their luxurious bedroom.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News of these amazing events traveled fast and soon Azzam in Egypt heard rumors about a fabulous palace that was erected overnight. Fully convinced that the only source for that kind of miracle had to be the demons of the magic lamp he left Egypt to find out what had happened. To his amazement he soon found out that Al-Addin had somehow managed to escape with the magic lamp. Not only was the boy in good health, he was also rich and had a prince as his new lover. Azzam, fuming with fury decided to end all that.

He made a lot of futile inquiries, but nobody seemed to know anything about the lamp. He kept a watchful eye on the palace gates and noticed a slave boy who had a free access to the palace. Spying on him he found out that the boy had a lover, a husky butcher who supplied meat to the palace kitchen and fucked the beautiful delivery boy in the backyard of his shop. Peeking through a fence, Azzam saw a big hairy man, sweaty and bloodstained wearing only a raw hide wrapped around his naked body, making the boy go bezerk with his mighty member.

With a smile on his face, the boy, lying on the slaughtering block, welcomed the severe battering of the man's sturdy mace in his hairy butt. Fucking like a Trojan the man jammed his hulking cock into the boy's willing tube making his smile a bit strained. As he gave him more of his stiff candy the panting boy, moaning and groaning desperately, squirted his cum on the man's furry belly.

The man rammed the boy's smooth butt fiercely forcing his glistening joint in and out with ever increasing velocity until grunting like a bear he emptied his jerking cock inside the heaving boy. As he pulled his beastly tool out he made the boy suck it clean and slapping him on his bare butt sent him back with his deliveries.

When the boy stepped out of the shop, Azzam approached him. Claiming that he had lost his way he asked the boy to show him the way to the palace. He was carrying a beautiful golden lamp and said that it had been ordered by Al-Addin to replace an old one that was less suitable for such a luxurious palace. The boy said that he was on his way to the palace and told the handsome stranger to follow him.

Azzam had carefully chosen a day when Al-Addin was away and using his masculine charm persuaded the cock-crazy boy to help him. Azzam gave the lamp to the boy and asked him to take it to his master and to bring him the old and stained lamp to be cleaned and polished. The boy took the lamp and while searching for his master he went into Al-Addin's bedroom and noticed the old dusty lamp on a shelf. He replaced it with the new shiny one and took the old lamp to Azzam who was eagerly waiting outside. As soon as he had the lamp in his hands, he ordered the entire palace with its occupants be moved to Africa and of course it happened instantly.

When Al-Addin returned to the palace he found only a vacant lot and the furious sultan who blamed Al-Addin for the disappearance of his son. Al-Addin was thrown into prison to be kept there until Muzaffar was found. Desperate and perplexed Al-Addin sat on the dirt floor in low spirits. In his gloomy thoughts he happened to turn the ring in his finger. He had already forgotten the magic power of the ring but was suddenly very aware of it when the familiar demon stood before him asking what his master wanted. Al-Addin told him what had happened and fearing that he

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might loose Muzaffar, he asked to be taken to his palace wherever it might be.

When the palace landed in Africa, Muzaffar returned from his bath and found a naked stranger lying on his bed. Groping his bushy crotch Azzam said that since he was the new ruler of the palace, everything in it, including Muzaffar, belonged to him. While he spoke Azzam's fat cock uncoiled like a cobra and lifting its swollen head high, it appeared equally dangerous. Stroking his solid shaft, Azzam ordered Muzaffar to suck the cock of his new lord and master as a sign of obedience and loyalty. With the myrrh glistening at the tip of his cock, Azzam was going to anoint the prince as his official lover.

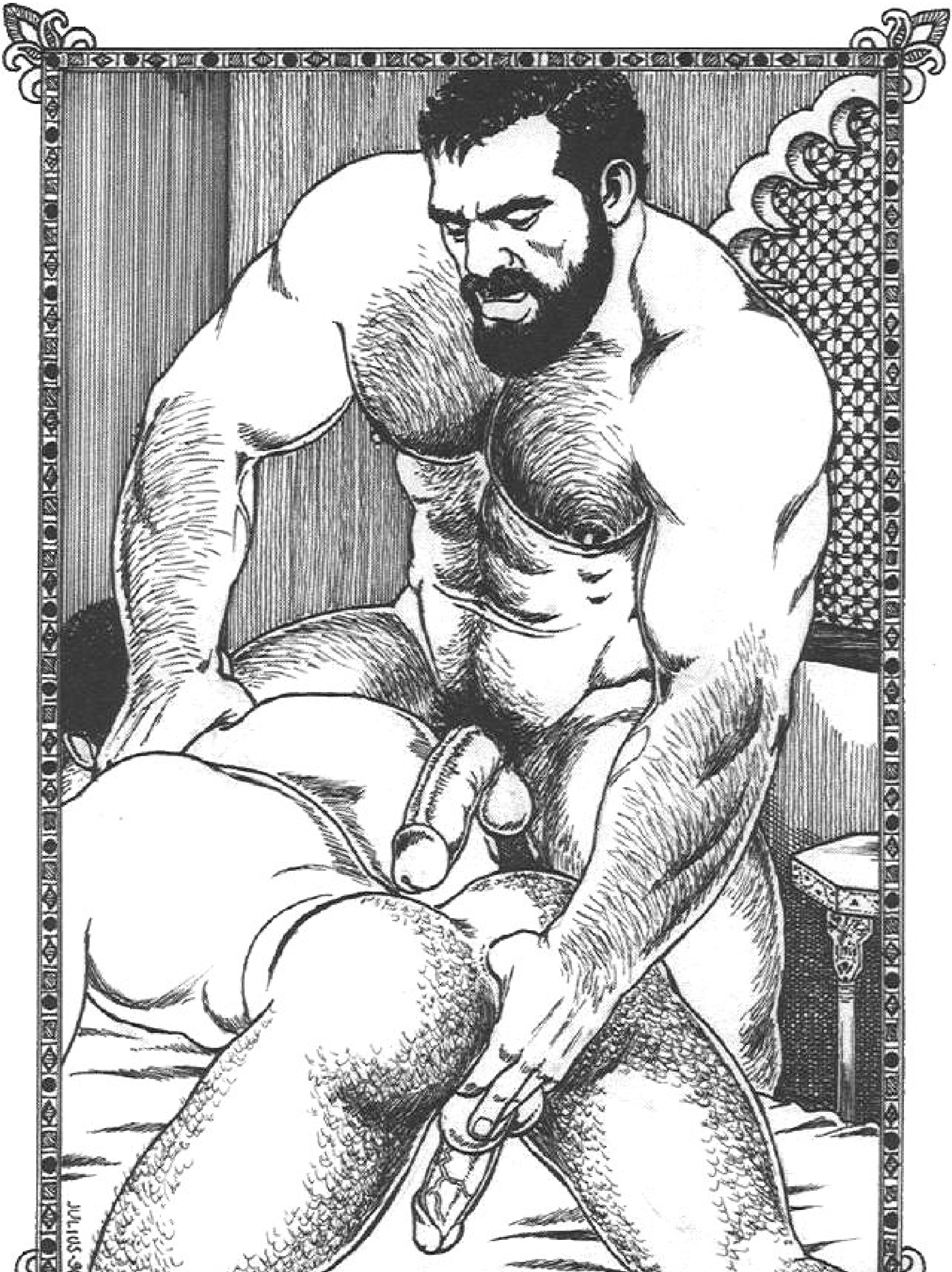
Infuriated by the insolence of this uninvited guest, Muzaffar asked Azzam to get his stinking body out of his bed and to disappear quickly or he would have him executed. Realizing that the prince was not going to abandon himself for his covetous purposes, Azzam rubbed the magic lamp and ordered the prince to be be tied spread-eagled to the bedposts. Muzaffar was strong but no equal to the powerful demon who easily fulfilled his new master's orders. Azzam humiliated the helpless prince by finger-fucking his ass and promising to give him to his horny and violent servants after he himself had used his body for his own pleasures. Azzam then left the prince to wait for the night.

In the meantime, Al-Addin was brought to the palace and saw the sobbing slave boy outside his bedroom. The frightened boy told him what had happened and Al-Addin realized that the handsome stranger who had charmed the foolish boy was none other than Azzam himself. Hiding himself, Al-Addin sent the boy to the palace kitchen to fetch a bottle of wine. As soon as Azzam had left, Al-Addin rushed to the bedroom and while freeing Muzaffar he told him everything. When the slave boy returned with the wine, Al-Addin added some powder into the wine and asked Muzaffar to act upon his orders. When Azzam would return, Muzaffar would pretend to have changed his mind and to be willing to have sex with him. To seal their mutual understanding the prince would offer Muzaffar some wine and make him drink it one way or another. Al-Addin and the slave boy would then come to his rescue.

When Azzam returned in the evening, his cock semi-hard in anticipation of the forthcoming pleasures, he found Muzaffar released but in a very reconciliatory mood. Muzaffar said that Azzam's rigid fingers in his ass and his superb cock had made him change his mind and he would gladly surrender his body to his pleasures. He stripped off Azzam's clothes and kneeling submissively in front of him kissed the firm shaft of Azzam's towering cock. Azzam was so conceited and vain that he did not suspect anything when the prince offered him a glass of wine for refreshment, but swallowed it with one gulp and was dead even before he hit the floor.

Al-Addin followed by the slave boy rushed in and pulled the lamp out of the folds of Azzam's caftan. He immediately ordered the palace to be returned to its original site and for Azzam's body to be destroyed without delay. Hardly had he said these words than they could see the familiar silhouette of the sultan's palace out of their windows again.

Joyous on account their happy return the sultan arranged all kinds of festivities in their honor and ordered Muzaffar to adopt the fatherless boy as a token of his gratitude which the prince more than gladly did. To his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newly adopted son, prince Muzaffar showed his love and affection in a variety of ways that all kept Al-Addin gasping and heaving out of sheer ecstasy and devoted to his husky new stepfather the rest of his life.

As soon as they had returned the cock-crazy slave boy ran out into the darkness to meet his lover, the hunky butcher, to tell him about his strange adventure. He found Ghalib, the butcher, talking with his friend, a porter called Hamid in the back room of his shop. In those days there were a lot of big strong men with husky firm bodies who earned their living by carrying heavy loads through the narrow streets of the city and Hamid was one of them. After an arduous day the two men often shared some wine and that night was no exception. Both men were slightly drunk and in an amorous mood and when the boy appeared he was greeted amiably.

Since Ghalid had not seen his fuck-buddy for several days, he pulled the boy into his lap and fondling his body covetously stripped off his tunic revealing the boy's smooth body before Hamid's lusty eyes. Hamid was a tough and beefy man of flesh and blood with powerful instincts and when Ghalid stripped off the rawhide revealing his majestic cock, Hamid was out of his clothes sporting an equally impressive hunk of solid meat in a fuck-ready state. The boy was imprisoned between their muscular bodies and he felt their callous hands all over his bare-body.

While Hamid shoved his fat tongue deep into the boy's mouth, Ghalid filled his butt with his fat cock. The boy wriggled and whined in his tight grip as Ghalid, flexing and relaxing his hairy buttocks, began to feed the boy's butt his ever-hard cock. Hamid pulled the boy's head into his furry crotch and thrust his dribbling cock into his hot mouth. The acrid heat of Hamid's sweaty crotch and the girth and length of his fat cock combined with Ghalib's red necked monster rubbing his inflamed prostate proved to be too much for the boy and he shot his load after a few strokes.

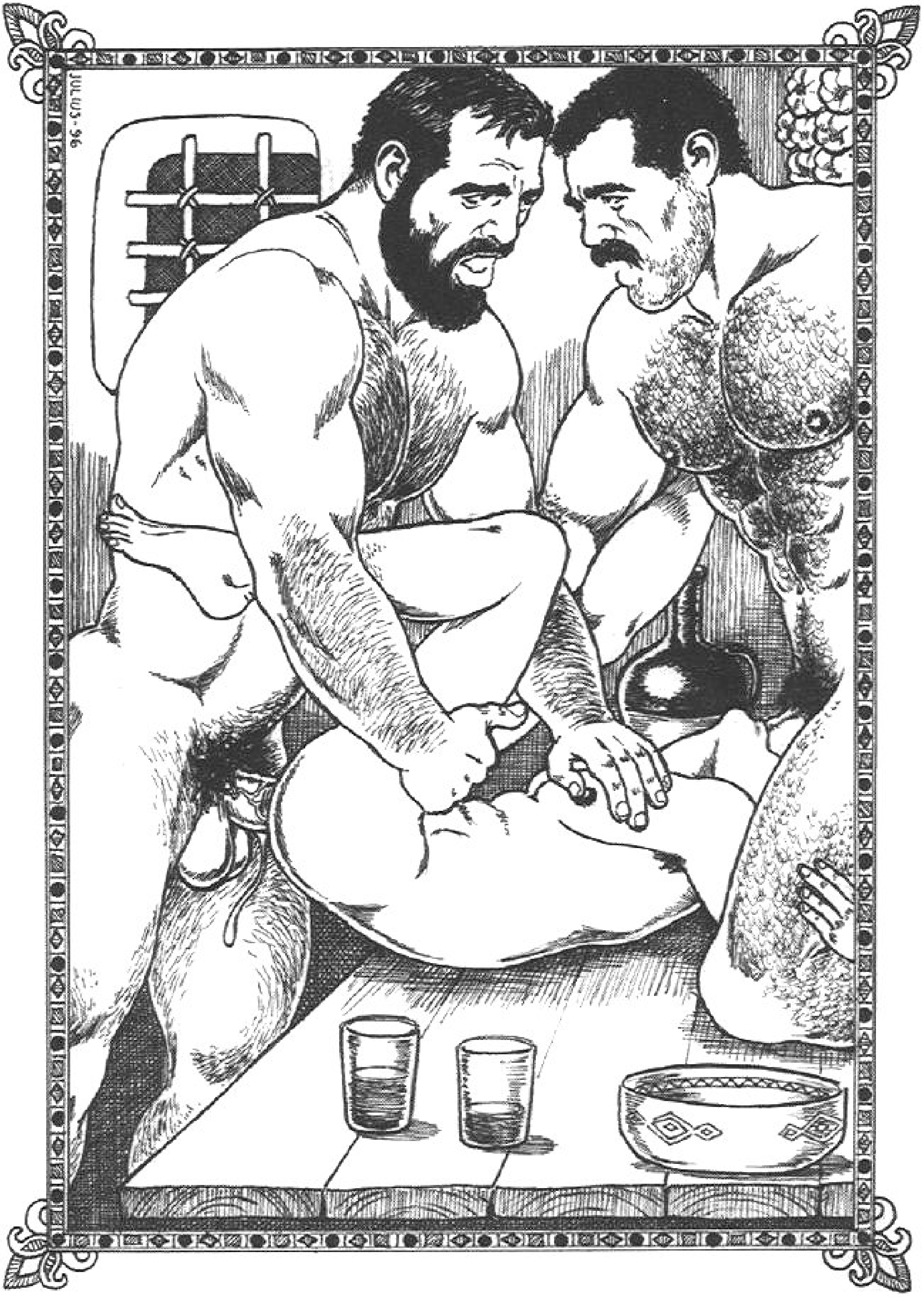
It was not much easier for Ghalib and Hamid either. Seeing each other's glistening bodies and the strength of their mutual lust as they fucked the same boy made them suddenly feel a strange unity, almost as if they had been fucking each other. When Hamid bowed down and kissed Ghalib the emotion was so strong that they blasted loose their heavy loads of hot spunk into the gaping cavities of the delirious boy.

After they had emptied their cocks the joyous boy was seated in between these hairy-assed hunks who, fondling his private parts, unashamedly listened to his amazing story.

Admitting that the story was a strange one, Hamid, after a short hesitation began to tell them about his own adventure. It had happened some time ago but he had not dared to speak about it before.

One day as leaned against his big basket and joked with his pals in his usual manner, waiting for customers near the big market, a strikingly good-looking boy dressed in expensive clothes approached him and asked for his services. Groping his bulging crotch and winking his eye to his pals, the covetous Hamid followed the beautiful boy into the market where he bought some olives and all kinds of spices, putting them into Hamid's basket. Hamid thought that this must be his lucky day in more ways than one, but the further they went the heavier his basket became.

The boy bought all kind of vegetables and fruits, some birds and a big steak wrapped in fig leaves, several bottles of wine, all kind of cakes and candies and put everything into the basket. After a while Hamid said that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had the boy told him what he was going to buy, he would have taken a mule with him. The boy looked at him and smiled as he said that he had never seen anybody with such big solid muscles and a husky firm body as Hamid.

Hamid's cock spasmed as the boy teasingly touched his bulging abs and fondled his massive pecs saying that surely a big hunk like Hamid was strong enough to carry his purchases. He bought some flowers, incense and perfume, adding them to the basket.

As Hamid walked behind the boy his eyes were fixed on his bubble butt that bounced so invitingly that Hamid was semi-hard and determined to test his luck when they finally arrived at a posh house on the outskirts of the city. The door was opened by another boy, beautiful as a full moon, who invited them in with a friendly smile. As they stepped into the luxurious entrance hall, Hamid very nearly dropped his heavy basket when he saw a third boy, even more beautiful than the others. Seeing all those beauties at once had a strong affect on the lusty porter.

As he unloaded his basket on a marble table, Hamid could not help watching them keenly as they fondled each other with uninhibited affection. Covetous Hamid had never seen such beauties and the sight of them caressing each other was so arousing that he blessed the day that had brought him into this house. The boys thanked Hamid for his services and gave two gold coins for his troubles. Hamid was so fascinated by the luxurious house and its desirable inhabitants that he just stood there wondering why they had bought such a vast amount of food and drinks though they appeared to live in the house all by themselves.

Finally one of them asked why he did not leave, had they perhaps not paid enough and asked the others to give him yet another gold coin. Hamid hurried to say that he had been paid generously, he usually got only few mites but he could not stop wondering why such beautiful boys lived here all alone without a man in the house. He said that even a Mosque rested on four corner stones, hinting that a fourth man was needed in that house as well. They needed an intelligent mature man who could keep his mouth shut and who was virile and potent enough to take care of their various needs discreetly and to their full satisfaction. The boys looked at one another and one of them said that they were living in solitude because they did not want to share their lives with anybody who could not keep their secret.

Hamid hurried to tell them that he was generally considered intelligent and trustworthy, knew how to behave and his virility was common knowledge. Any boy in the bazar could testify to that. Discretion was his middle name, he told them and that they could trust their secrets to him knowing that he would remain silent.

The boys looked at Hamid very carefully, from his broad shoulders to his muscular legs. Hamid could literally feel their eyes caressing his husky body and his bulging crotch. They then smiled and said that he could stay, provided that he obey the rules of the house, which Hamid promised to do without hesitation. The other boys began to prepare the dinner and strain the wine while the third, Zaman, took Hamid with him and guided him into an inner court inside the house. There was a beautiful pool surrounded by all kinds of flowers and blooming shrubs and Zaman asked Hamid to strip off his clothes and to refresh himself in the water.

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The sweaty Hamid did not need to be asked twice and as he peeled off his turban and his loincloth he noticed to his satisfaction how delighted Zaman was to see his big fat cock. The boy took his clothes and returned after a while buck naked, carrying all kinds of bathing equipment. As Hamid lay by the pool his throbbing cock pressed against the cool marble, Zaman, sitting at the small of his back buried his fingers into his thick hair and washed it with gentle massaging movements. Hamid felt the boy's hot open crack against his spine and his cock throbbed. Zaman slid his slippery butt on top of Hamid's hairy ass and washed the man's solid shoulders and his broad back. All the time he talked gaily, but Hamid had turned so horny on account of Zaman's fondling hands that he barely managed to grunt some answers.

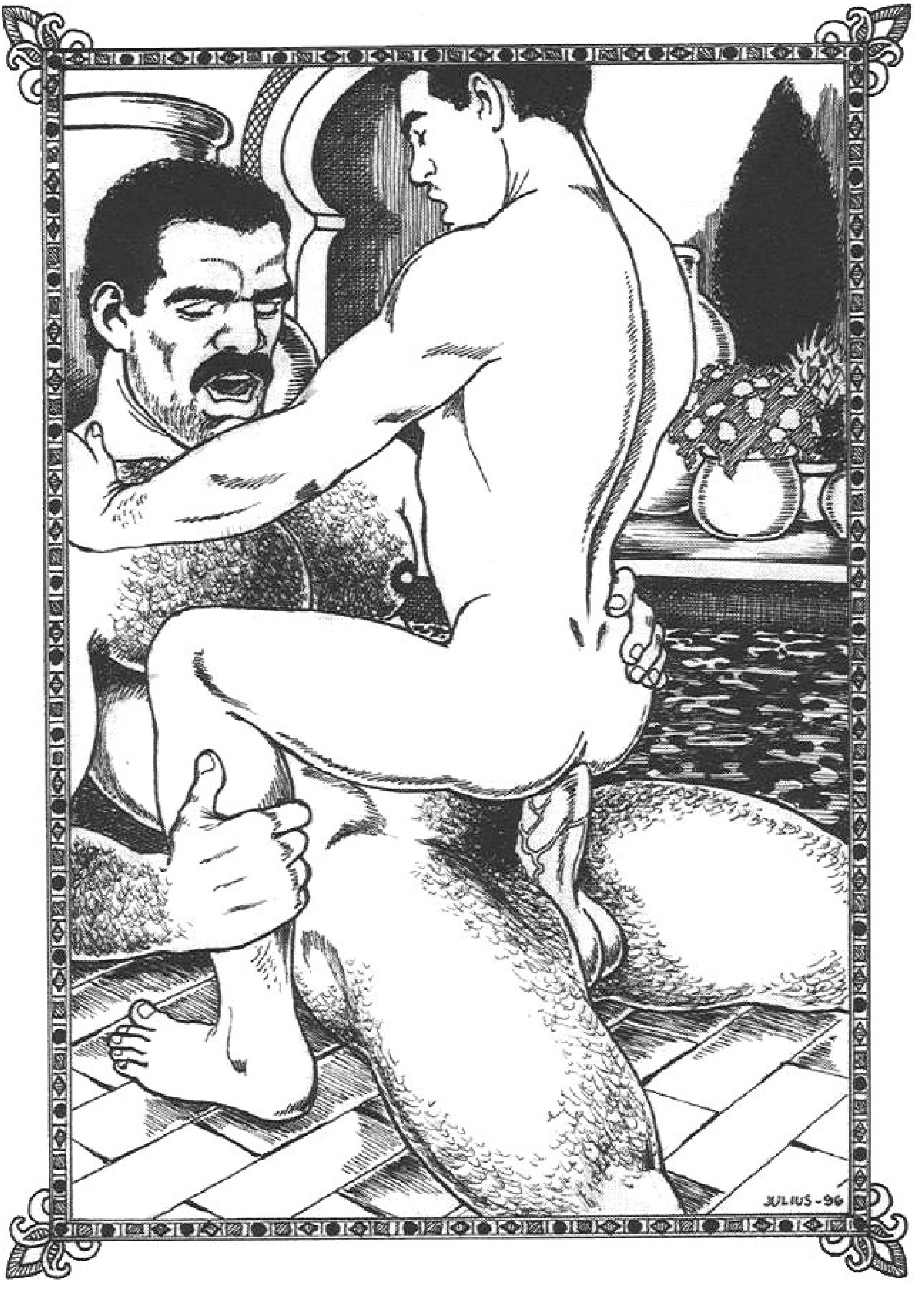
Then the boy turned around and rubbing his crack against Hamid's spine again fondled his strongly curved buttocks. Zaman's slippery fingers plunged into Hamid's furry crack and fondled his rectum unabashedly making him moan out of sheer pleasure. Giggling joyously he then soaped his hairy thighs and his bare butt against Hamid's soapy ass. He turned the man's furry legs against his smooth chest giving a real treatment to his big feet. Zaman then took a jug and washed the soap away as carefully as he had applied it and asked Hamid to turn around.

As Hamid turned on his back he was delighted to see that Zaman sported a nice hardon and was smiling broadly and eyeing Hamid's fuck-ready cock. Zaman buried Hamid's big feet in his hot furrow and while the man tried to fondle his pucker with his big toes, the boy washed his strong legs slowly approaching his real target. When he took Hamid's hard balls into his hands and let them slip and slide through his fingers the man started to moan again and asked for mercy.

Zaman soaped the solid shaft unhurriedly and the bloated knob especially carefully making the man toss and turn with heat. Lifting his smooth buttocks Zaman guided Hamid's turgid cock to his lubed pucker and then slid down on his massive erection. Hamid made a deep chested groan and pounding Zaman's butt fervently helped the boy embed his fat cock in his peachy butt all the way to the hilt. Now it was Zaman's turn to moan and while fucking himself covetously on Hamid's robust rod he never stopped howling. His hot nuts exploded and gushing cum all over the man's hairy chest he collapsed on top of him totally drained. Through a blissful stupor he sensed being afloat on Hamid's heaving chest and a hot rush in his groin as the scalding creamy load burst inside his undulating channel. Through a haze he heard a tremendous roar and the ground shaking under him and then everything was quiet again. He even could hear birds singing somewhere far away.

When he regained his composure, Zaman finished his work, kissed the blissfully languid and relaxed Hamid while he did it and left him lying in the sun.

In a moment the second boy, Nazir woke him up and asked him to sit on a stool as he was going to give him a shave. Buck naked Nazir sat on Hamid's lap, his smooth legs straddling the man's hairy thighs and his unprotected bubble butt facing Hamid's covetous cock. As the boy lathered his face, Hamid could not avoid seeing the cleft hiding Nazir's rosebud and the boy's jutting dick. In no time his own ruttish cock lifted its heavy head and eagerly poked the pearly gates.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In good faith the boy leaned on Hamid's muscular body as he shaved him and carefully trimmed his mustache. Sitting there belly to belly, Hamid wasted no time, but fondled Nazir's slender body quite intimately.

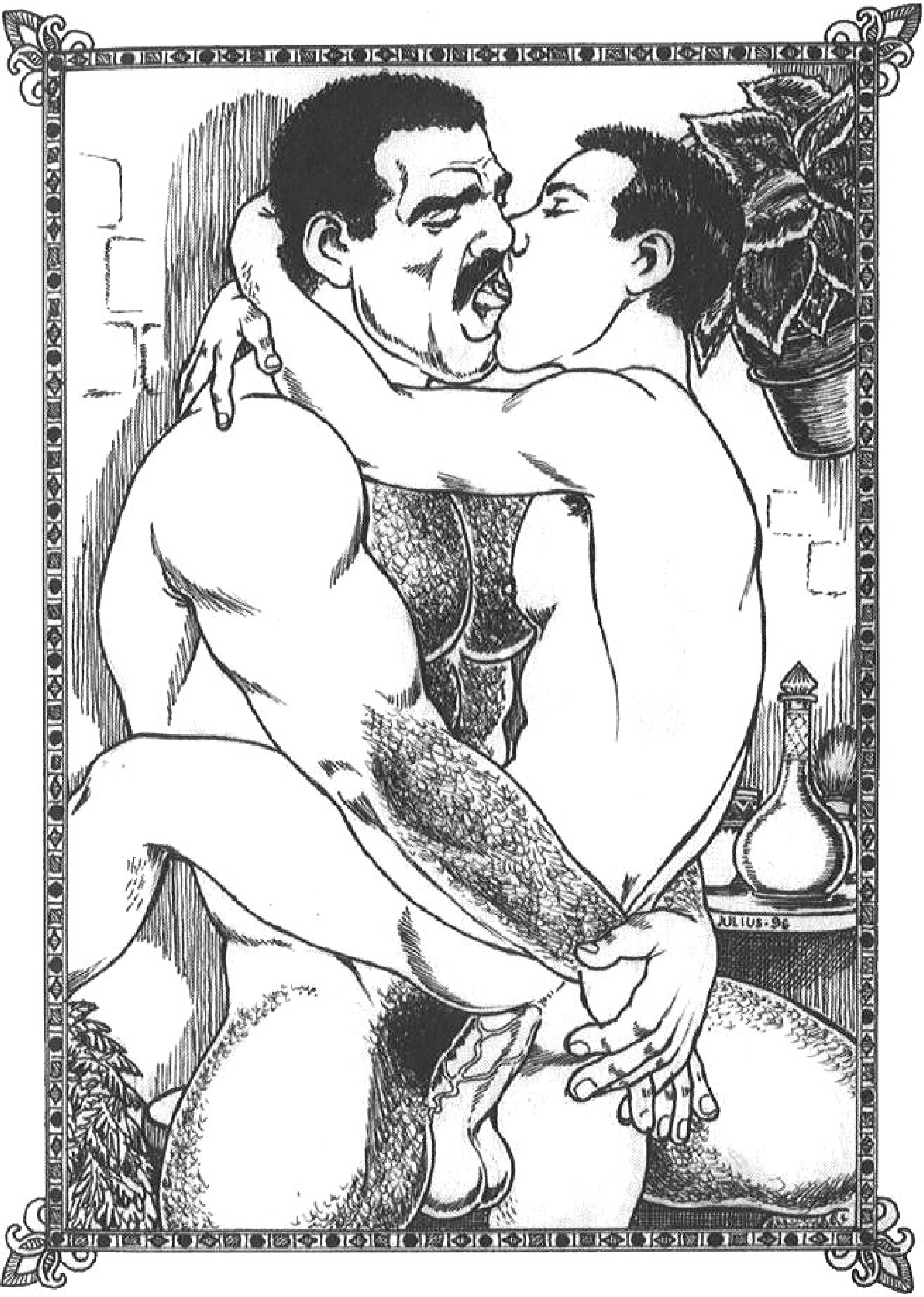
When he had finished his work, the boy wiped off the remains of the lather and with gentle hands applied some fragrant oil to his skin, rubbing it on his face and all over his body, not forgetting Hamid's fat cock that now stood up tightly against his hairy belly. When Nazir took the violently throbbing hunk of hard man-meat in his hand, Hamid hissed through his clenched teeth. The boy poured the oil on top of Hamid's firm cock generously, catching the excesses in his open furrow. Nazir watched keenly as the man guided his glistening cock into his oily crack and with one vigorous thrust burst the gates open. Puffing and blowing he drove his sturdy battering ram inside. Startled, Nazir jerked, but he was impaled on a steadfast hook and there was no escape as the robust rod sank deeper into his quivering butt.

Fully skewered the boy wrapped his arms around Hamid's husky body and burying his face in his furry chest he began to work up the solid cock with his tight sphincter. Bobbing his butt up and down the steely stake he might have grown frustrated for the harder he worked the tougher and harder the big cock turned. But his enthusiasm was finally rewarded when gasping and heaving, Hamid grabbed the boy in his arms and lifted him up. Standing on his shaky feet and groaning loudly, Hamid blasted loose all his ammunition in an explosion that made Nazir squeal with delight.

Nazir had gone through multiple orgasms as Hamid's hairy belly rubbed his dick intensely. He had splattered his juices on him and while he rubbed the rest of the oil on Hamid's heaving body he cleaned the sticky mess, leaving the gratified man to enjoy the warmth of the last rays of the sinking sun.

The third boy, Malik, arrived without delay, bringing a silk caftan and a pair of fine sandals. Hamid was embarrassed since he had fucked two beautiful boys in a rapid succession and emptied his cock spurting sperm in abundance, yet he could not look at Malik without covetous thoughts. His stout fornicator spasmed with lust, making him want to bury it deep into Malik's beautiful butt.

As the boy kneeled down to put sandals on Hamid's big feet his expanding cock hit Malik's face. The boy smiled at him and with his rosy tongue he licked the swollen knob. Hamid locked the boy's face in his hands and made him swallow the hot head into his moist mouth. As his agile tongue lapped the eaves of the puffed up crown and gave it a toe curling suction, Hamid moaned and made him swallow more of his drooling cock to avoid shooting his load right there and then. Watching the boy suck his swarthy cock with his pink lips and feeling his smooth face in his bushy crotch gave Hamid such a raving hardon that he stretched Malik out on the caftan and nailed him with his veiny weapon. He fucked the moaning boy with a force that pumped the air out of his lungs and as his bovine cock fast gained momentum and substance, he pounded Malik's bubble butt with fierce gusto forcing his tense body to arch. Gasping and heaving frantically the boy soon reached climax and his heavily convulsing body suddenly turned limp and lifeless. Their hot bodies still slapping against each other, Hamid felt irresistible vibrations in his aching balls and his robust rod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jerked and throbbed violently as he collapsed on top of the boy, gushing cum rapturously as if emptying his cock for a first time after a long abstinence.

Afterwards they gathered together and had a delicious dinner under the starry sky. Lolling on silk mattresses and pillows, the boys remained buck naked as they did not want to embarrass their guest who had stained his caftan with the essence of his virility. The boys were gay and playful, kissing and fondling Hamid quite freely and paying him a lot of compliments for his awesome equipment, his phenomenal endurance and how skillful and adept he was in lovemaking with words so unabashed that his cock soon lifted its blushing head and beamed in the light of the moon. Since they were drinking wine, their merriment turned wilder and soon Hamid's fat cock was in a fuck-ready state standing steadfast like a bludgeon.

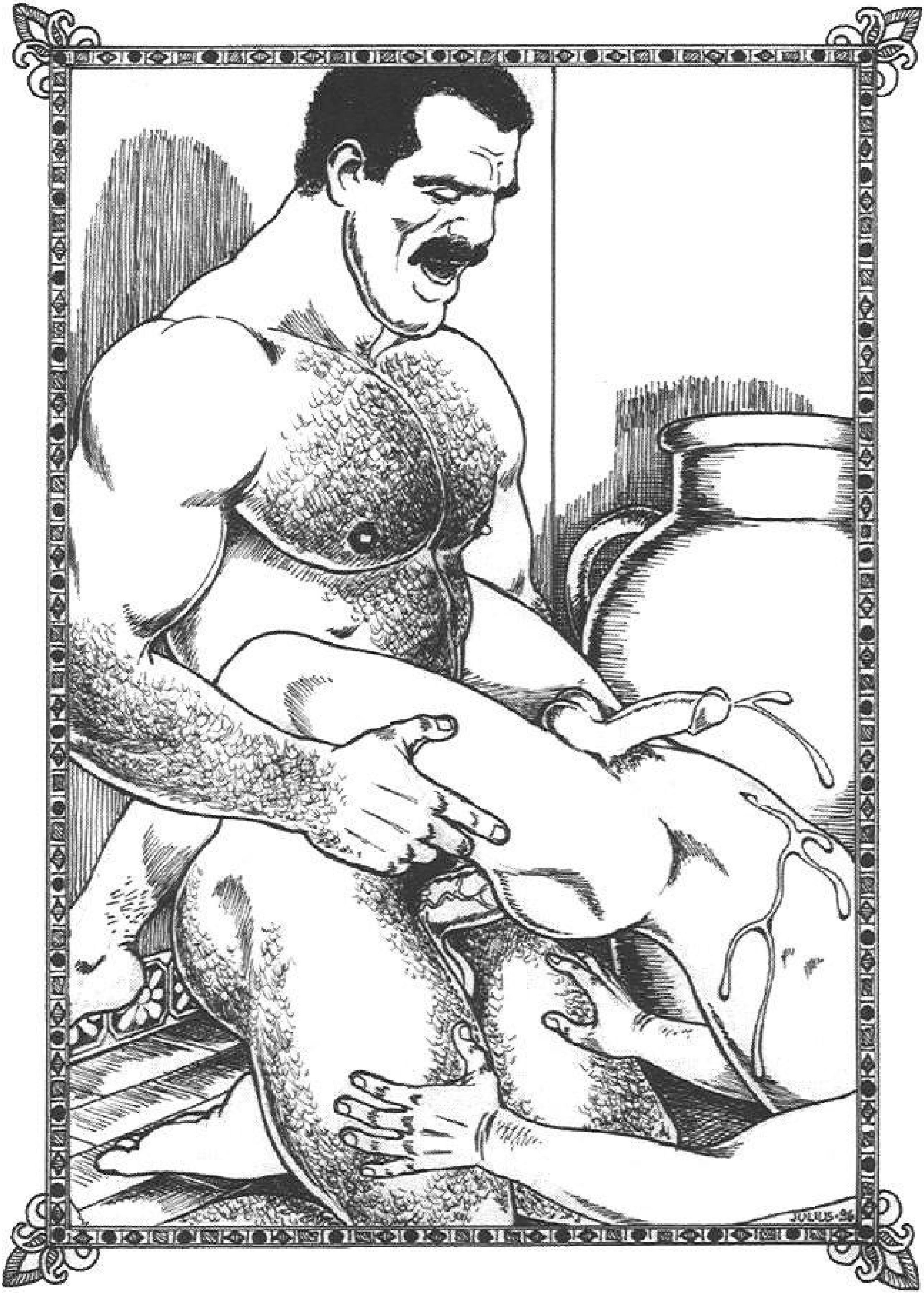
The delighted boys took turns sucking his massive column of manhood, each doing their best to make him cum. When Malik kissed him tweaking his erect nipples while Zaman rimmed his ass hole with his agile tongue, Hamid could not resist them anymore, but shot his load into Nazir's hungry mouth. Puffing and blowing, Hamid tried to regain his composure while the boys shared the sweet dribbles of his heady cum like brothers. Three slippery tongues slid along the glistening shaft until the hot semen ceased to flow and then licked Hamid's furry crotch and his balls to save even the tasty splashes.

The boys then entertained their guest with songs and dances accompanied by flutes and drums which they handled very skillfully. The supremely happy Hamid enjoyed the wine and blessed his good fortune.

The sounds of the music and the general merriment were heard by three wandering dervishes passing by. Knowing that the gates of the city would be closed already and reluctant to spend the night in the open air, where all kinds of scoundrels lurked in the dark, they knocked at the door hoping to get in. When Zaman opened the door they asked him to be merciful to the poor monks and to allow them to spend the night under his roof.

The dervishes were mature and seasoned Turks, hairy-assed cocksmen with husky firm bodies, who travelled around performing in festivals. Due to their vow and their mobile lifestyle these men were permanently covetous and horny, always ready to pour out their potent remedy for the needy and widely blessed for their charitable and unremitting toil in filling empty mouths and lonely asses with their substantial and benevolent meat.

The beautiful boy invited them in and promised to give them both food and shelter, provided that each of them entertain his friends with a story to brighten up their party. The dervishes gladly agreed and Zaman guided them to the inner court where they found Hamid sitting on a silk mattress with two beautiful boys under his arms and a sumptuous dinner in front of him. The dervishes thought that they had come to paradise when the naked boys with their quick hands stripped off their dusty clothes and led them to the pool. Warmed by the wine, dulled by the delicious dinner and exhausted by the lusty boys, Hamid dozed off while the boys gave the horny monks the same amorous treatment that he had received earlier. The gruff groans of the covetous dervishes did not disturb his sleep and he only woke up as the boys returned with the visibly satisfied, washed and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groomed dervishes. The famished monks ate and drank heartily until their vitality and vigor was fully restored and then the first dervish was ready to fulfill his promise. The other men, each with a beautiful boy cuddling under his arm, leaned back ready to listen.

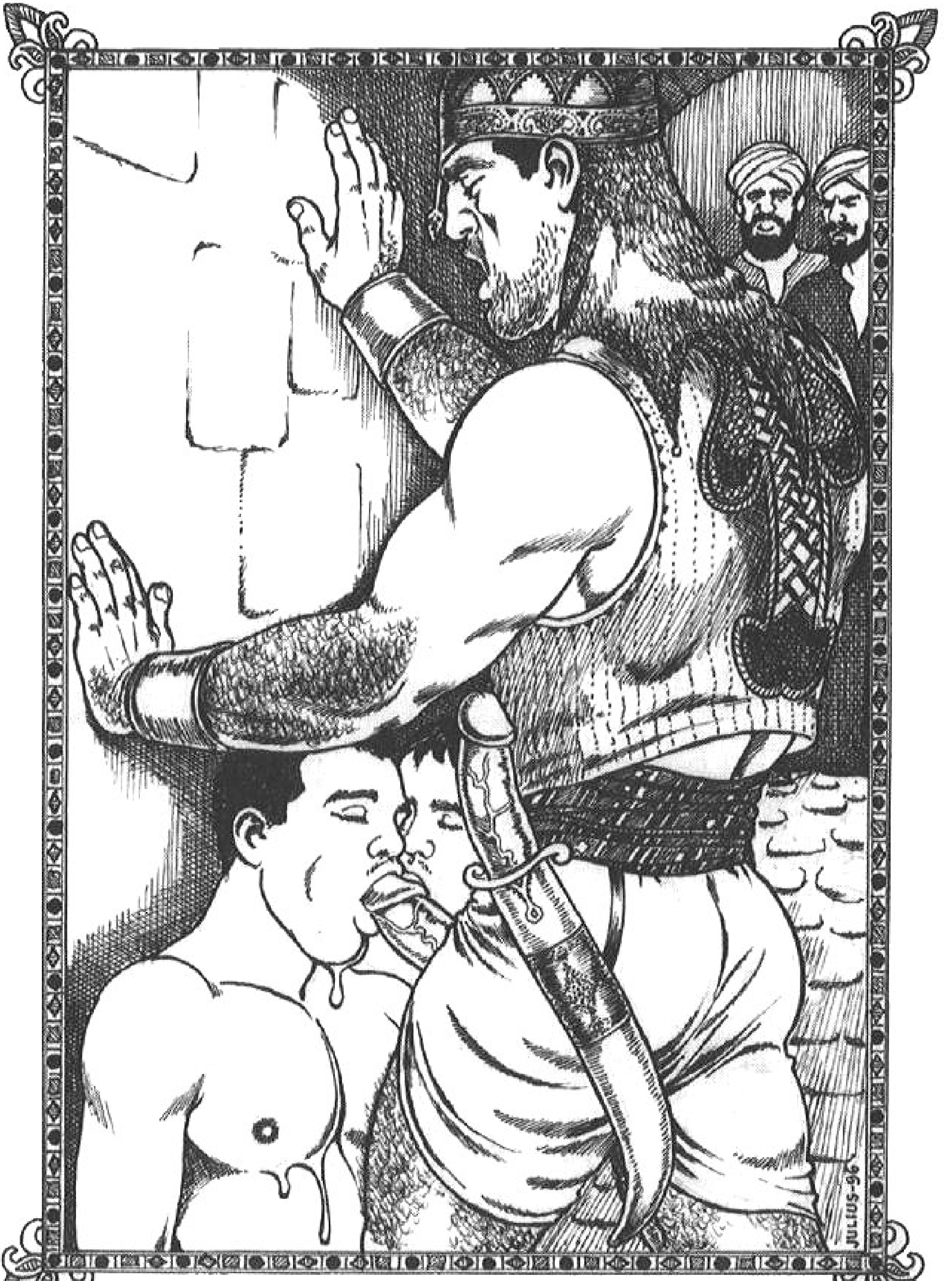
In Damascus, the first dervish started his story, there lived a man called Ayub. He was a handsome man with magnificent body and bold masculine manners. Ayub was also unusually potent and virile and rotten to the core. His covetous cock was always hungry and unscrupulous at getting its fun. At an early age he sired his own brother and robbed the virginity of his two sisters making them both pregnant. He later persuaded his unsuspecting father to reject his wife and abandon his daughters claiming that they had fooled around with a slave who was beheaded for the hideous crime. Ayub also raped his father's second wife, but the smart woman framed him and he had to escape his father's wrath into Quanamur, where he joined the king's guards. He carried on fucking the wives and daughters of the good citizens in Quanamur and when the women were put under a constant surveillance, Ayub fucked their sons. He was caught feeding two boys his hefty man-meat but escaped punishment as a war was declared and he was sent to the battle.

For years he satisfied his roaring lust at the front by fucking everything in sight, be that a woman or a man, a girl or a boy, nobody was safe from his sexual advances when the ruler of his lust lifted its bloated head. Even among the king's savage and horny soldiers he soon gained a wide reputation as an unrelenting and unscrupulous cocksman who would stop at nothing in the pursuit of his enjoyment. In Basra he met a famous sorcerer who became so infatuated with Ayub's ever-hard cock and his indefatigable fucking that as a reward for Ayub's services he taught him the secrets of his trade and managed to keep him in his service for many years.

After the death of the sorcerer, Ayub returned to Quanamur. Since he had spent his youth mainly satisfying his craving lust and he had no hopes of inheriting anything from his old father, he set his aim at becoming rich and enjoying his vices with the aid of his newly acquired skills. He had always been a brilliant horseman and was lucky enough to get appointed as the king's equerry. The king had a son, Rachid, the very apple of his eye and Ayub was appointed to teach him horsemanship. The foolish young prince knew Ayub's reputation, but instead of being repelled, as it often happens, the boy was tremendously attracted by this husky man with such an exciting and sinful background.

When they met, Ayub watched the handsome young prince and knew right away that the boy was dying to get the experienced Ayub to pop his cherry and bury his cock into his virgin butt. Rachid felt Ayub's hungry eyes caressing his body unashamedly, but far from being disturbed, he actually enjoyed his keen interest.

The sly Ayub realized that this was his way to the riches and made some arrangements before he took Rachid on a ride into the desert. When the young prince arrived with his escorts, Ayub gave him a proud stallion called Mansur (meaning invincible) and as he helped the boy mount the horse his big rough hands strangely burned Rachid's skin and the closeness of his muscular body and his rank man-smell made the boy more than aware of his physical attraction. Ayub had hidden a mare in heat in the desert and after an hour's ride the big stallion scented it and rushed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after it in hot rut leaving Rachid's escorts far behind. To prevent anyone else from becoming lost in the desert, Ayub asked the attendants to return to the palace while he went after the vanished prince. He then applied spurs to his horse and vanished behind the ridges.

Ayub naturally knew exactly where to go to find the prince and after a short ride he found Rachid on the ground, thrown out of his saddle. Pretending that he wanted to check his injuries. Ayub stripped off Rachid's clothes and inspected his beautiful body unabashedly. Ayub's hairy hands turned covetous and his touches into lustful groping and pulling the boy into his arms he said that he wanted to fuck Rachid, had wanted it since he first laid eyes on him. The blushing prince did nothing to stop him and soon they lay buck naked on top of their clothes and Ayub mounted the heaving boy, jabbing his massive cock into Rachid's tight virgin butt with vigour and vim that thoroughly startled the moaning boy.

While the big hairy man on top of him forced his harsh butt-stretcher inside him, Rachid saw Mansur covering the mare nearby and suddenly he felt like he was fornicating with the horse as well. Ayub's cock was long, thick and hard like the glistening joint that Mansur stabbed inside the shivering mare and Ayub's fucking was every bit as energetic and vigorous. Spreading his hairy legs wide, Ayub pulled almost every inch of his solid cock out and then grunting gruffly slammed it back all the way inside making the breathless boy to curl even his toes as the man's bushy crotch slapped his butt.

Ayub's fuck strokes were hard and fierce and the blunt head of his rampant cock grazed Rachid's prostrate with its fast movements. Blinded by the blazing sun and fully surrendered under his lover's massive body the gasping boy experienced his first orgasm. Burying his fingers into the sweaty curls of Ayub's hair and arching his back under his weight, Rachid reached ecstatic relief. Very soon Ayub's breathing turned laborious and his fuck-strokes very deliberate until he drove his throbbing cock home deep and hard and with a deep-chested groan blast his hot load into Rachid's officially opened butt.

The silence was overwhelming. Rachid could only hear Ayub's steady breathing, some grasshoppers chirping and the occasional snorting and neighing of their horses and yet the world was not the same anymore. He wrapped his arms around Ayub's broad back and fondled his solid shoulders. He licked the sweat drops glittering on his lover's forehead and in his thick brows.

Rachid had never been happier than now as he lay under his mature lover, feeling the warmth and weight of Ayub's naked body in his arms and his fat cock still inside his butt, and inhaling the dizzying man-smell of his tanned skin. Rachid was like an explorer in a new land and eagerly studied Ayub's fascinating body with his greedy eyes, his thirsty mouth and his ardent hands. He kissed the bulging vein in Ayub's solid neck and fondled the firm curves of his hairy buttocks when to his surprise he realized that the cock inside him was hard as a nail and Ayub's hairy ass flexed and relaxed in a slow motion. His thrusts turned deep and hard and in no time the girth of his fat cock stretched Rachid's tight sphincter to its limits and the gasping boy trembled under the fierce attack of Ayub's fleshy schlong. With his rough hands Ayub held Rachid's butt in a tight grip and pumping his strong hips drove his big booster in and out, back and

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forth with ever increasing velocity and fury. They reached climax fast this time and shared a shattering orgasm that exploded deep in their groins and made them laugh. With ecstatic relief they shot their hot semen like two water falls gone bezerk.

It took them a long time to recover but when they finally returned, Rachid's fate was sealed. After what had happened in the desert he could not live without Ayub and his awesome cock anymore and every day Ayub reinforced the boy's dependence on him by fucking him into blissful oblivion. During the following years Ayub received a lot of expensive gifts and property for his services and when the old king died he moved into the palace and shared Rachid's bed permanently. Officially he was the king's vizier but everybody was aware that Ayub was the real ruler and Rachid merely his happy concubine.

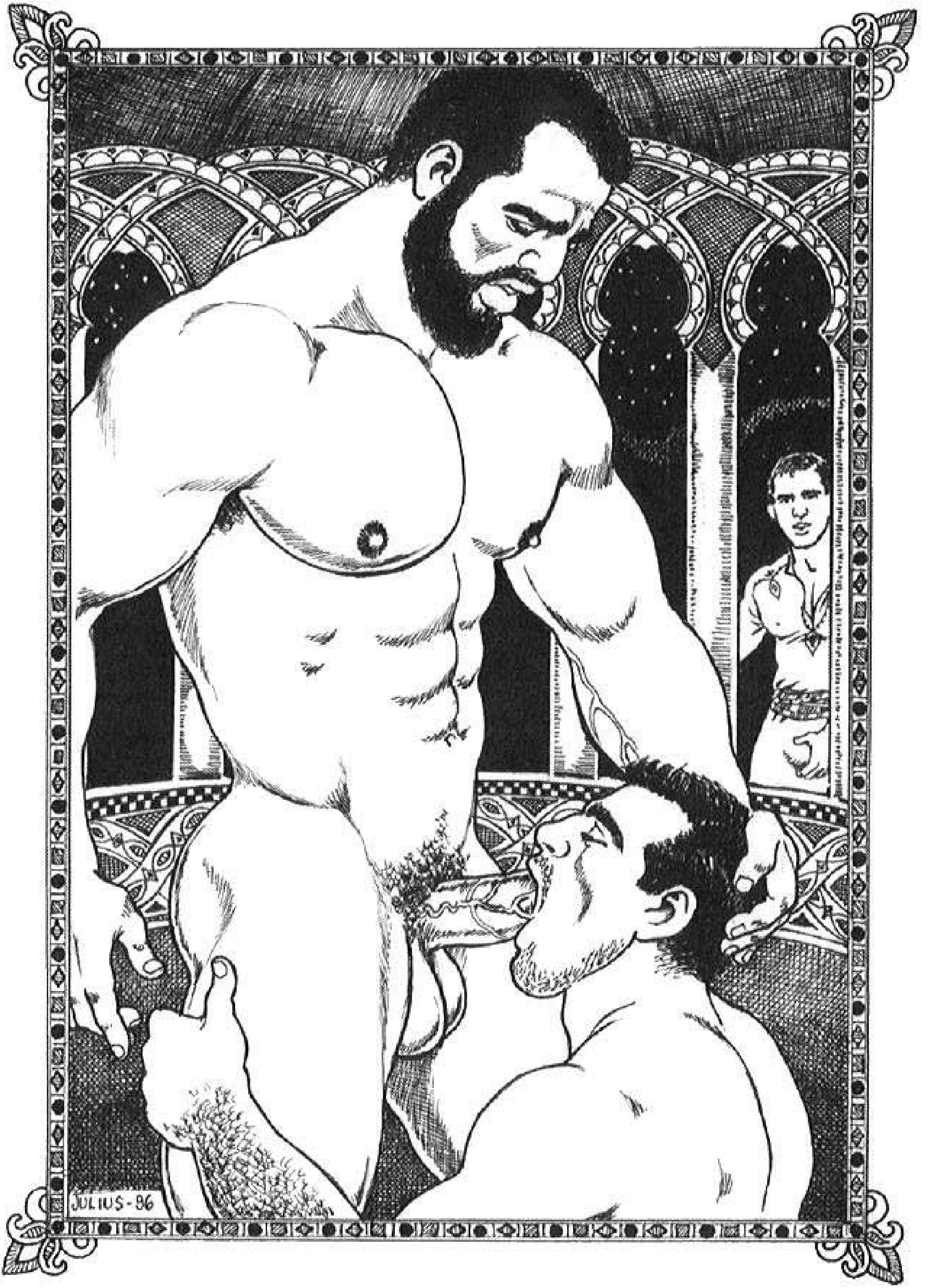
One afternoon Rachid was trying to have his usual nap, but the weather was too hot and he only rested with his eyes closed while two slave boys cooled him with big fans. The boys assumed that Rachid was asleep and gossiped with low voices. The older boy boasted that he had sucked Ayub's cock earlier that morning and that he had never seen a bigger and fatter fuck-tool in his life. He then described Ayub's cock in a way that left no doubt in Rachid's mind that the boy knew what he was talking about. He then added that he had heard poor Rachid moan loudly when Ayub impaled him with his massive stake and that maybe Ayub put some white powder into Rachid's wine each night to ease his pain. He only wondered where he left each night so hurriedly after Rachid had fell asleep and returned at dawn to wake him up with more merciless fucking. The boys then went on gossiping about other affairs and Rachid, pretending to wake up sent them away.

In the evening Ayub arrived and fucked Rachid in the usual manner but when he gave him some wine, Rachid poured it secretly out of the window and pretending to turn drowsy he stretched out on their bed. After a while, Ayub, fully convinced that Rachid was fast asleep put his clothes on and left the room. Quickly Rachid jumped out of the bed and followed him.

Ayub went into the garden and walked fast towards a pleasure palace Rachid had given him as a gift. When the prince arrived at the palace, out of the open windows he could see Ayub kissing and fondling a big muscular black slave he had bought several years ago. Ayub then kneeled in front of the naked slave and fervently kissed his huge cock which stood straight out. He then took the target of his fervent passion into his mouth and sucked the glistening black cock deep into his throat. With hollow cheeks he sucked the fat black joint until the slave pulled his wet cock out and forcing naked Ayub on all fours thrust his dreadful weapon inside his trembling ass.

Rachid had never seen Ayub act like this. He offered his hairy butt eagerly to his lover whose gleaming tool made him moan and groan in agony as the slave vigorously pounded his swollen meat inside him. They were noisy and licentious in their lovemaking and jealous Rachid was forced to watch as his lover was fucked in a variety of lewd positions until the slave groaning and grunting gruffly shot his load inside the desperately begging and sobbing Ayub, and then forced him to suck his stained cock clean after the lovemaking.

The same procedure was repeated several times and Rachid's jealousy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turned into anger and wrath as he listened to Ayub's ardent vows of eternal love and his billing and cooing in between the intense fuck-sessions. Finally Ayub rose to leave and when the slave opened the door, Rachid in cold fury slashed him with his dagger several times. When Ayub rushed to assist his wounded lover, Rachid quickly escaped and returned to the palace. Hiding his stained clothes and his dagger, he went to bed and pretended to be fast asleep when desperate Ayub followed him an hour later.

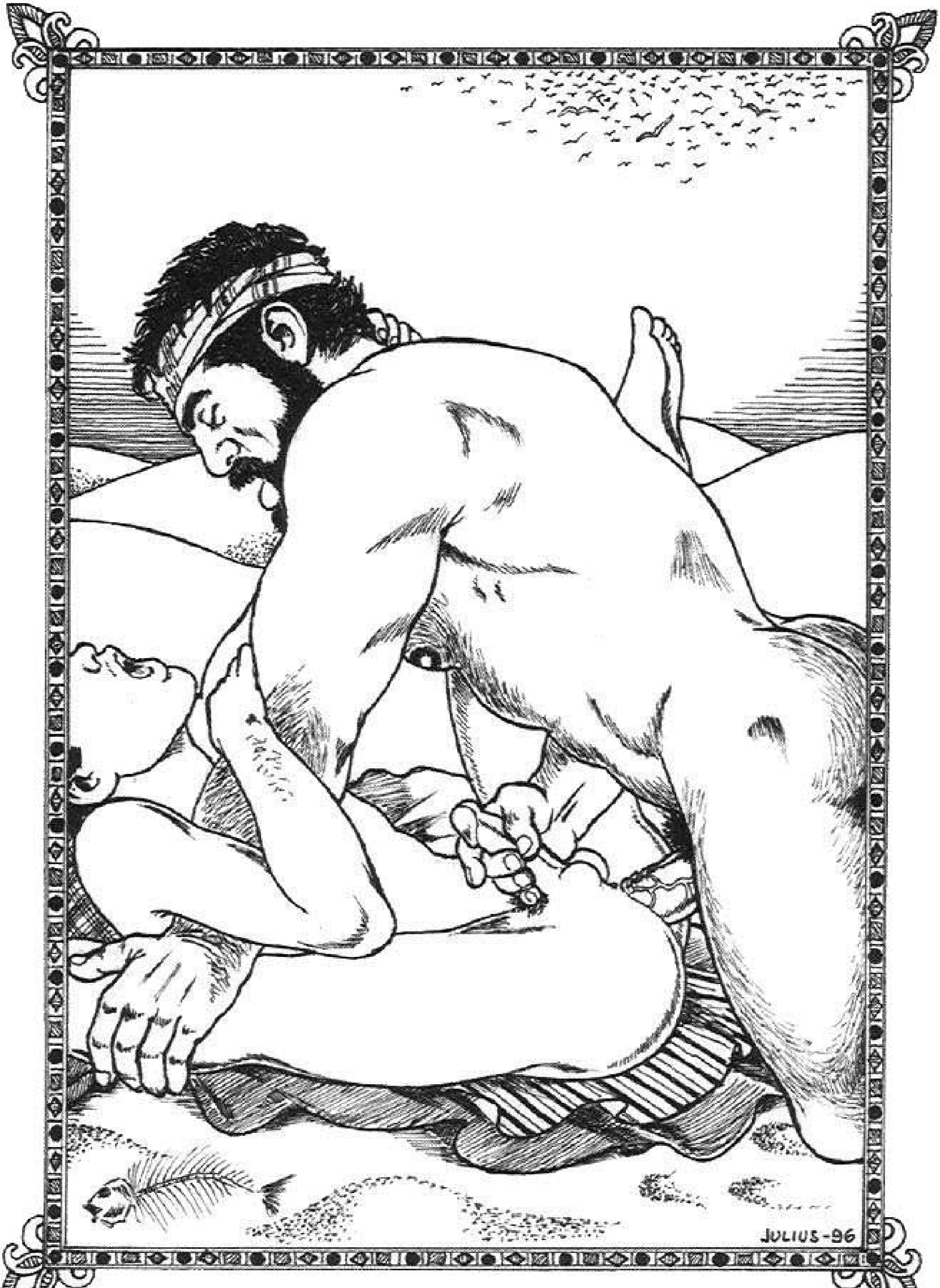
Heartbroken Ayub woke him up and told him that his old father had died and he was going to build a mausoleum for him on one of the hills surrounding the capital and spend the rest of his days there worshipping his memory. The angry Rachid said that Ayub should bury his lover outside the city walls where all the other slaves were buried. In the darkness Ayub had not seen the murderer of his lover but now there was no doubt about it and all the hell broke loose. The infuriated Ayub asked the devils and demons of hell to witness as he swore that Rachid would regret the day he was born before he was finished with him.

Using his magic powers Ayub erected two palaces on the hills. One was made of white marble and his black lover was carried there. With his spell Ayub had managed to keep the flickering flame of his life alive but could not cure him. Ayub spent the best part of his time with his lover hoping for a miracle.

The other palace was made of black marble and Rachid sat there alone and unable to move. The furious Ayub turned Rachid's lower body, from his waist down to his toes, including his cock, into black marble. With a bitter laugh he said that Rachid was going to have an eternal hardon with no hope for relief. Each day Ayub came to see him and whipped the helpless Rachid mercilessly until he lost his consciousness and then fucked his face almost drowning him with his cum. That was the only nourishment he ever gave him. Ayub turned the city of Quanamur into a vast lake and its citizens into fishes of different colors. The white fishes were previously Moslems, the red fishes the fire worshippers from Persia. Christians he turned into blue fishes and yellow fishes were previously Jews.

Many years passed, but one day a husky fisherman, Hassan, with his young son, Badr, sailed down the coast in their boat. It was their habit to fry some fish on the beach and after the meal to satisfy their carnal desires by fucking each other with abandon and glee. This was in their mind also on that day and after the meal lusty Hassan grabbed Badr in his hairy arms and thrust his rigid middle-finger into the boy's tight butt stretching his sphincter until he managed to get several fingers inside. Though Badr was used to his father's big fat cock, he enjoyed the ceremony and uttered deep-chested moans as his father's fingers stroked his prostate and slowly eased his veined throbber in. Astraddle Hassan's hairy legs, Badr fucked himself on his father's solid cock until grunting and groaning Hassan without leaving Badr's tight butt stretched the boy out on his back and fucked him fervently until he saw the familiar signs on his face. Hassan brought the boy to a shattering orgasm with a few fierce fuck-strokes and moaning and groaning shot his load in an ecstatic blast of hot cum.

Lying on his back under his father's big muscular body, Badr milked the last drops of his man-cum with his tight sphincter when he saw the birds. There was a big flock of seagulls circulating high above the desert. Curious by nature, Badr wanted to see what attracted the birds and the good-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natured Hassan followed him. After a short walk they arrived on a ridge and to their amazement saw a vast lake that they had never even heard of. They walked down to the beach and were even more astonished when they saw the strange fishes, unlike anything they had seen before. As they strolled along the beach they noticed a luxurious palace built of black marble close by. The place looked empty and abandoned and the ever horny Badr saw an opportunity to enjoy more of his father's fabulous cock away from the blazing sun. All the potent and virile Hassan ever asked for was any opportunity and as soon as they entered the cool stately portico, Badr was quickly on his knees with his face buried in Hassan's furry crotch.

Suddenly they heard sobbing inside the palace. When they entered a large hall they saw a handsome young man sitting on a throne dressed in a fine cloak with tears in his eyes. Eager to help they asked what bothered such a fine young man and why was he all alone. Relieved at finally seeing somebody other than Ayub, Rachid told them everything. Many times during his story, Rachid burst into tears and when he finally threw the cloak off his shoulders, they saw the horrid scars on his back that marked the cruel whippings. Some of the wounds were fresh and still bleeding and they felt deep pity for the poor man. In awe Badr watched Rachid's imposing cock petrified in a fuck-ready position, its big crown shimmering and the solid shaft with jagged veins all so very lifelike in black marble. Determined to rescue the owner of such a mouth-watering beauty, Badr devised a plan.

When Ayub arrived at the palace in his usual manner to torture Rachid, Hassan went into the other palace and killed Ayub's lover. He threw the body into the lake and after tinting his skin black climbed into the curtained bed to wait for Ayub's return. Badr could not stop the vicious whipping but stood hidden behind a column watching Ayub finish his work by fucking Rachid's face fiercely.

As soon as Ayub left Sadr hurried to help Rachid and washed his cum-stained face and body. The boy sitting on his lap and fondling his body after so many years was too much for Rachid and he grabbed Badr in his arms and kissed and fondled his body passionately. The boy answered his advances eagerly and astraddle his petrified thighs felt Rachid's cool marble cock against his throbbing pucker. Badr soon slid down Rachid's eternal erection letting the magnificent marble cock pound up into him.

In the meantime, Ayub returned to his lover and to his immense joy and relief found him awake. He jumped into bed and crying and sobbing promised to do everything to heal him back to health. Hassan said that his recovery would be much faster if he did not have to listen to Rachid's horrendous cries anymore and that Ayub should cancel his spell and concentrate on him instead.

Joyous Ayub did what Hassan asked and in the other palace Badr suddenly realized that the cock inside him was bursting with vigour and vitality. Hassan then said that his recovery would be even faster if he did not have to listen to the strange noises of the fishes all night long and that Ayub ought to cancel his spell and return them and the city of Quanamur to its original shape again and to please his lover, Ayub did that without delay.

Only then did Hassan allowed the lovesick Ayub to open the curtains slightly and suck Hassan's big swarthy cock. Covetous Ayub did his work

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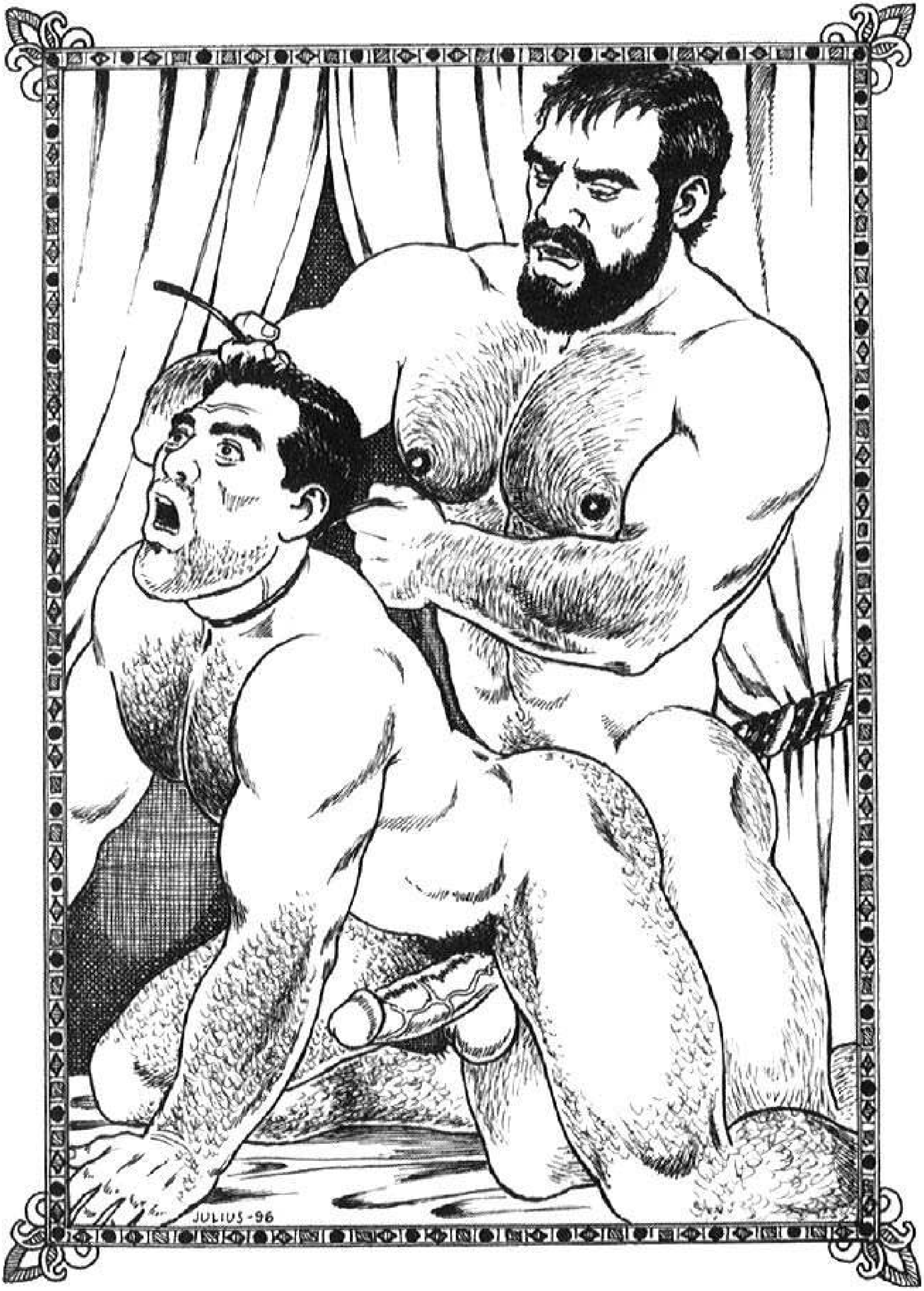
admirably and soon Hassan's imposing cock lifted its bloated head. Forcing Ayub on all fours, Hassan thrust his beefy pole into his hairy ass and forced it in all the way. Blinded by his craving lust, Ayub did not notice until it was too late that Hassan had tied a leather cord around his neck. When Ayub blessed the extra girth that his lover's cock had gained during his illness, Hassad pulled the string tight. Bucking and writhing violently Ayub tried to free himself, but Hassan was too strong for him. He was impaled on Hassan's robust cock and Ayub's tugging and pulling turned it even harder. The husky fisherman shot his load into the ass of dying Ayub.

Upon his death both the palaces and Ayub's body vanished and Hassan saw a city bursting with life down in the valley. On his way there he met the joyous Rachid and no less contented Badr and together they went into the city. Rachid had fallen in love with Badr and to compensate Hassan for the loss of his son, Rachid made Hassan his vizier and gave him the two slave boys who had opened his eyes with their gossiping. The boys adored their new master who kept them busy with his covetous cock while Rachid made Badr blissfully happy several times a day for the rest of their days, not to mention the nights.

Without delay the second dervish started his story saying that he had heard of a poor wood cutter called Ali-Baba. He lived in a ramshackle house next to a big house owned by his brother, Sadiq, who was a rich merchant. Sadiq had a son, Karim, who was deeply infatuated with his handsome and friendly uncle and used to run into Ali-Baba's house as often as he could. Fascinated, he watched Ali-Baba's solid muscles while he cut the firewood and as his uncle bear-hugged him occasionally, the boy lived in bliss for many days. Ali-Baba longed after his nephew, but did not dare touch him, although he noticed Karim's affection and was flattered by it.

One day Ali-Baba was in the mountains searching for firewood when he saw a big cloud of dust rising from the desert. As the cloud turned bigger he realized that a group of horsemen was approaching fast and he quickly hid his mule and himself behind rocks. When they came closer he saw that they were bandits who had robbed a caravan and were returning to their stronghold with their horses loaded with booty. The bandits stopped in front of a steep mountain side right in front of the trembling Ali-Baba. The robust leader of the bandits dismounted from his horse and said with a loud voice, "Open sesame!"

To Ali-Baba's amazement a huge rock turned aside, revealing a large cave into which the bandits disappeared with their booty and the door closed after them. Frightened Ali-Baba did not dare move fearing that the bandits might return and kill him. After a while the bandits came out of the cave and the door behind them closed by itself. One by one the bandits rode off and Ali-Baba counted that there were forty bandits altogether. Until he saw the last of them disappear beyond the horizon, Ali-Baba stood immobile in his hiding place. Then he walked over to the wall. Like the leader of the bandits he loudly said the password and the rock turned aside revealing a large cave full of all kinds of valuable booty. There were bolts of expensive silks and brocades, rolls of valuable carpets on top of each other, gold and silver ingots in heaps and sacks full of gold and silver coins. Seeing all these riches, Ali-Baba was convinced that generations of bandits had used the cave since collecting all that booty in a single lifetime was impossible.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He filled his sacks with gold coins and covering them with fire wood returned home safety. Before burying it in the ground for safekeeping, Ali-Baba wanted to measure his fortune and went to his brother's house to borrow some scales. The sly and greedy Sadiq wanted to know what his poor brother was measuring and smeared the scales with oil. To his amazement he found a gold coin stuck in one of them when the scales were returned. Sadiq hurried to Ali-Baba's house and with a lot of persuasion and severe threats he managed to squeeze out the whole story. Although Ali-Baba warned him of the danger, early the next morning Sadiq left the city with ten mules, each carrying two big trunks which Sadiq intended to fill with the riches. Thanks to Ali-Baba's excellent description he found the right place without difficulty and standing in front of the wall he said the password and the rock moved aside, letting him in with his mules before it closed behind him.

Sadiq was overwhelmed by the incredible riches and loaded his mules only to unload them again as he found something even more desirable. Finally he was satisfied, but he had been so obsessed in choosing his loot that he had forgotten the password completely. Instead of sesame he said "Open barley," and was utterly surprised when the door remained closed. He tried each kind of grain he could think of but the door remained closed and the harder he tried, the more perplexed he turned.

The bandits arrived at the cave in the evening and found the desperate Sadiq running back and forth inside the cave, his mules loaded with their riches. Sadiq tried to escape but he was caught immediately. When the bandits interrogated him, he was too frightened to say anything intelligible and they took him for a simple minded fool and decided to have some fun with him. They stripped off his clothes and all through the night forty bandits fucked him shooting a huge amount of semen both into his bruised ass and his gaping mouth. When they prepared to leave in the morning they found that Sadiq had drowned in the vast amount of cum and they cut his body into four pieces hanging them on the doorway as a warning to anybody who might try to get in. After that they they rode off taking Sadiq's mules with them.

When evening came and his father had not returned, Karim turned restless. When the sun went down and there still was no sign of him, Karim knocked on his uncle's door asking that he be allowed to sleep with him since he did not want to sleep alone with a few female slaves in an empty house. Ali-Baba tried to calm the nervous boy as best he could saying that Sadiq probably was just lost in an unfamiliar area and would return in the morning safe and sound. He put the nervous boy into his own bed and intended to sleep on the floor himself, but Karim begged him to sleep with him in the bed as he would feel much safer close to his rugged uncle. Ali-Baba blew out the lamp, stripped off his clothes and climbed into the narrow bed beside the naked boy.

Karim's smooth body was warm and the scent of his skin intoxicating. Karim buried his face in Ali-Baba's furry chest and wrapping is arms around his waist pulled the man closer until they lay belly to belly in a tight embrace. To his embarrassment Ali-Baba realized that his persistent cock was getting hard. But when he tried to hide it, he became aware of a smooth hand fondling his expanding member and warm lips touching his neck. When Ali-Baba lowered his head the boy kissed his

stubby chin and whispered shyly, “Fuck me, uncle Ali, will you ?”

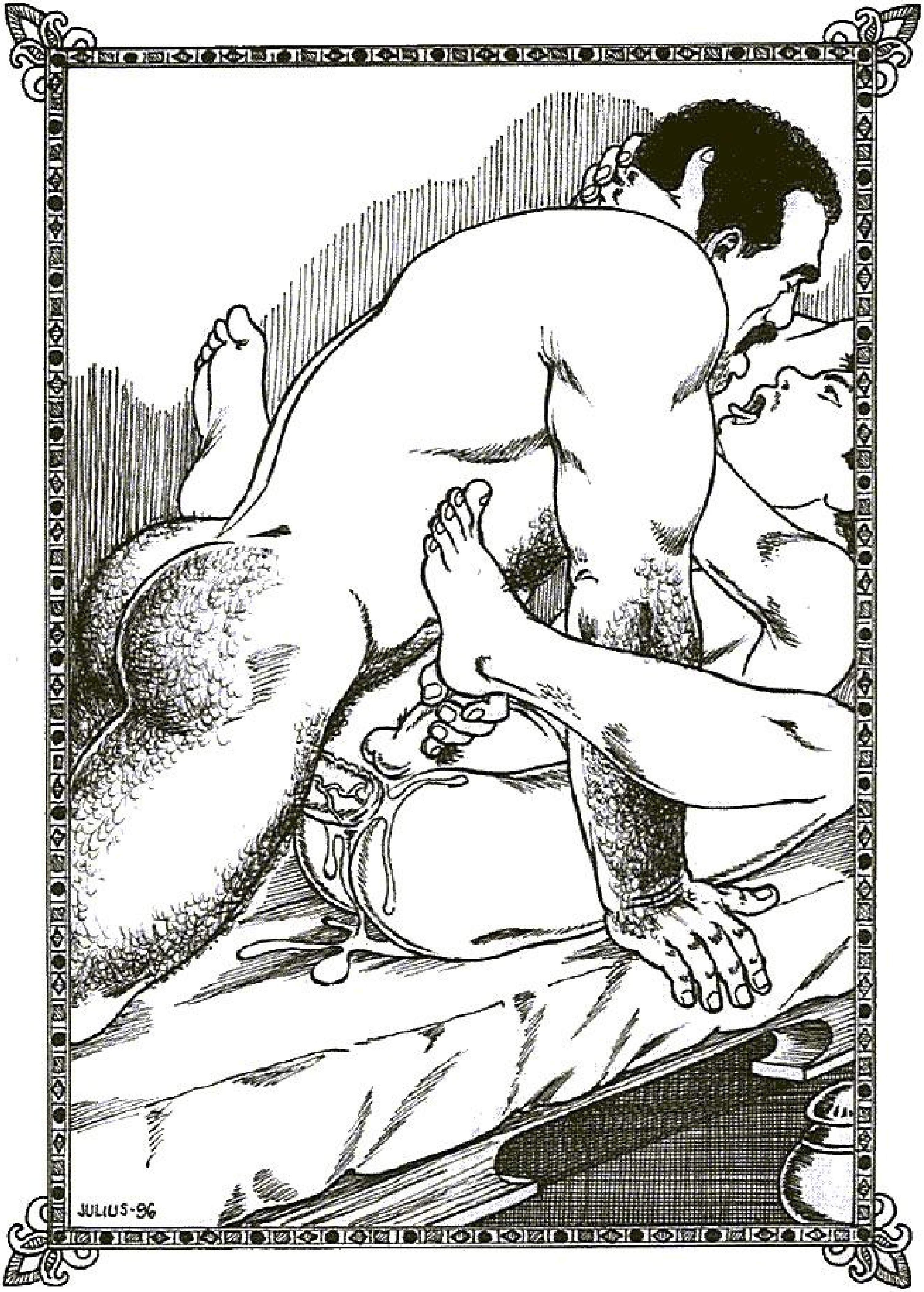
The blood rushed through Ali-Baba’s body and filling the veins and lifting them above the smooth surface of his bulging muscles. A network of jagged veins decorated his big throbbing hardon. “What is your father going to say if I nail you?” Ali-Baba managed to utter with a choked voice. But Karim answered by pressing his stiff dick against his uncle’s fat cock and fondling his beautifully curved solid buttocks.

Well, Ali-Baba was only a man of blood and flesh and soon Karim gasped and heaved in his tight embrace, his uncle’s utterly perfect cock embedded deep into the nephew’s willing buff. They fucked fervently the best part of the night and their lust for each other was satisfied time after time and yet they could not get enough of each other. When they finally fell asleep it was out of sheer exhaustion which evaporated when they woke up in the morning and greeted the new day by fucking some more.

They were still drowsily fondling each other when they heard an urgent knocking. When they opened the door they saw Sadiq’s housekeeper who was very worried since her master had not returned yet. Reluctant as Ali-Baba was to leave his delicious young lover, he took his mule and left for the mountains to search for his greedy brother. He could not find a trace of him though until he arrived at the cave and to his horror saw the pieces of his body hanging in the doorway. He quickly loaded Sadiq’s body into one sack and filled the other with gold and covering them with fire wood he hurried back to the city.

Karim was waiting for him and Ali-Baba had to tell him what had happened. Karim realized that Ali-Baba was in danger because of his father’s greed. The bandits clearly had not missed the gold he had taken, but now that Sadiq’s body was missing they knew beyond doubt that somebody was aware of their secret. To hide what had happened they had to make it look as if Sadiq had died of natural causes and the smart boy rushed over to the apothecary and claiming that his father was very ill, bought some potent drugs and medicines. He returned the following morning with tears in his eyes and asked for medicine that was normally given to a patient on the verge of dying. Ali-Baba, looking very worried, visited Sadiq’s house constantly. Actually he was moving the gold to his brother’s house, but nobody was surprised or suspicious when Karim told everybody the next morning that his dear father had passed away.

In the evening Karim went to meet an old saddle maker, who lived near the main gate. After the usual pleasantries he gave the man a gold coin asking him to take his tools and follow him. Karim also told him that he would be blindfolded at the big square and Karim was going to lead him the rest of the journey. The saddle maker turned suspicious, but when Karim gave him another gold coin, he followed the boy eagerly. Karim led him to his father’s house and showed him the pieces of Sadiq’s body. Claiming that waifs had torn the body apart, he asked the old saddle maker to sew the pieces together. As soon as the work was done, Karim gave the saddle maker a third gold coin and blindfolding him again led him back to the big square. There he took off the blindfold and let him go, but checked carefully that the man did not try to follow him before returning home.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Sadiq was buried the following day and after the funeral Ali-Baba moved into his brother's house to take care of his property and his orphan nephew as tradition demanded. No orphan ever was better provided for. The previous days they had been too busy to see each other, but now that they lived under the same roof and were expected to remain behind locked doors in deep mourning, their ardent lust for each other knew no bounds. They spent their days and nights fucking fervently hardly slowing enough to eat. The constant moaning and groaning heard from their house made the neighbors feel pity for their pain.

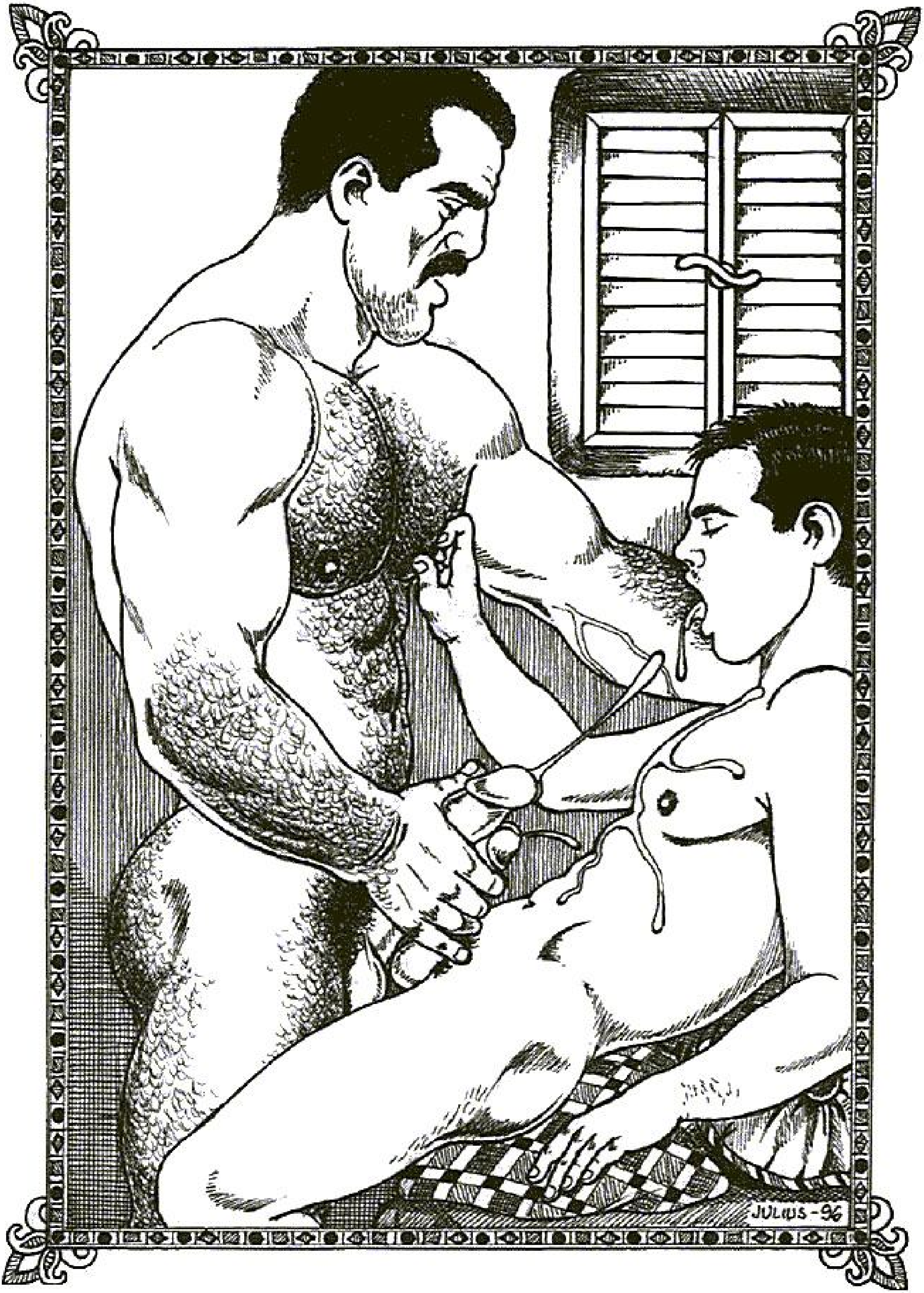
In the meantime the bandits had returned to their cave and seen that the body of Sadiq was missing. Realizing that unless they catch and kill the man who knew their secret, they would soon loose their fortune, they sent some of their members into the cities nearby to pry a little. One of them walked through the main gate where the saddle maker lived and wanted to get his stirrup repaired. While the old man worked the bandit asked if anything out of ordinary had happened recently. Very little happened usually to the old man, but now he really had something to tell and did not hesitate to describe the strange things that he had experienced few days ago. The bandit listened indifferently until the old man told about the body cut into four pieces. He was suddenly more than interested and praising the old man's skills he wanted to know if the old man could trace the same route he had walked just to test his observation skills. He was ready to give him five gold coins for his troubles. At the big square he blindfolded the old man and asking him to remember the sounds and smells and followed him through the maze of the streets and alleys. The old man suddenly stopped outside Sadiq's house and said that he didn't walk further than that. The bandit took a piece of chalk and drew a cross on the door of the house and led the old man back to his shop.

When Karim went to buy some food from the market he saw the suspicious looking mark on the door and just for safety marked every door on the street exactly the same way. The following night the bandits arrived, but to their surprise found that every door carried the same sign and as the spy could not tell exactly where the old man had stopped, they had to return empty handed.

Early the next morning the chief of the bandits, a big robust man called Rashad, arrived at the saddle maker's shop and said that his friend had boasted that the old man could find a house blindfolded. He would give the old man ten gold coins if he would do it again. When they arrived at Sadiq's house and the old man stopped in front of the door, Rashad memorized the house and the door so that he could find it under any circumstance and then led the old man back to his shop.

In the evening Rashad arrived back in the city followed by twenty mules, each carrying two big jars. He stopped outside Sadiq's house and knocked. When Karim opened the door, Rashad claimed that he delivered the oil that Sadiq had ordered and since it was already dark, asked his permission to spend the night under the roof of his old friend and feed his exhausted mules.

Karim was suspicious and wary right from the start since he had never seen this merchant before and his father already had a full stock of oil. He politely invited Rashad in to meet his legal guardian and opened the gates and lead Rashad's mules into the court yard. Karim locked the gates and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fed the animals, but he happened to knock one of the large jars as he was working and the sound was hollow. He carefully lifted the lid of the jar and heard a loud whisper from inside, "Is it time already ?" Karim said no and quickly closed the lid. He then rushed into the house and from Ali-Baba's expression he realized that something was very, very wrong.

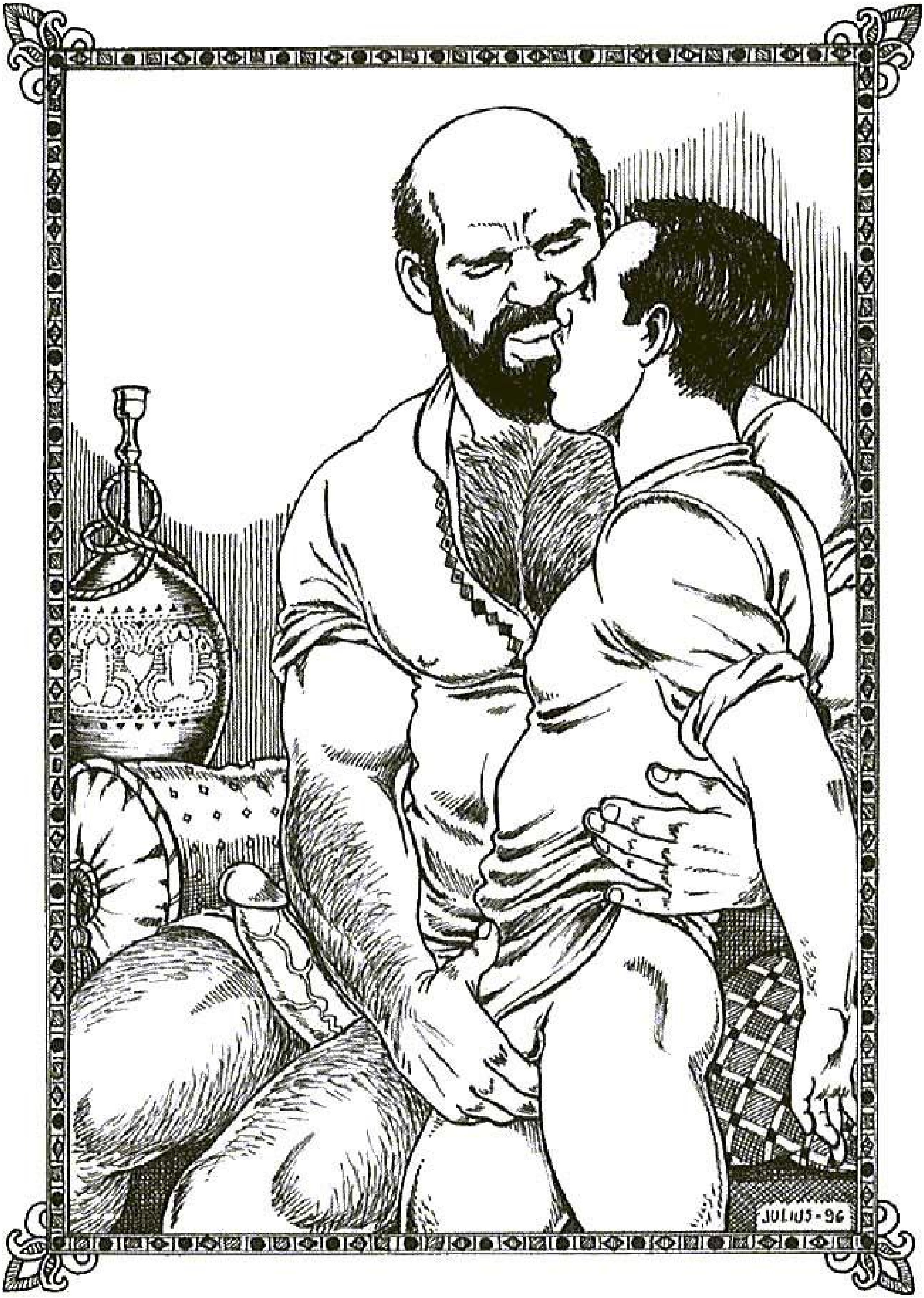
Rashad's plan was simple. He intended to wait until everybody in the house was fast asleep and then kill them all with the aid of his bandits who were hidden in the big jars. The sign for them to come out was going to be pebbles thrown into the court yard by Rashad. Until then they were to remain silent in their hiding places.

Karim asked Ali-Baba to help him with the wine and outside he told what he had found out. Ali-Baba had recognized the chief of the bandits immediately and now he asked Karim to entertain their guest while he had other things to attend to. He went into the kitchen and asked the housekeeper to take the largest kettle and fill it with boiling hot oil. He then took the kettle into the court yard and poured the oil into one of the big jars closing the lid tightly. This he did with each jar killing all the bandits one by one.

Inside the house Karim kept a wary eye out for the bandit chief all the time, but Rashad's eyes were glued on him for different reasons. Karim's beautiful face, his slender body and charming bubble butt had made the covetous old villain horny as hell. Each time the beautiful boy served him something to eat or drink Rashad's hand accidentally-on-purpose fondled some part of the boy's desirable body and he became more daring all the time. Karim aroused him more with his shy submissiveness and soon lusty Rashad grabbed him into his arms and said that he would give anything for a night with him. Pretending that he was flattered, Karim said that he would love to get such a mature and virile man into his bed, but his legal guardian, Ali-Baba, kept his eye on him all the time and locked the door of Karim's bedroom each night. There was a way to fool his rigid guardian though, Karim explained. After dinner Rashad should retire, but instead of going into his room he should sneak into Karim's bedroom. In there he would find a large trunk and he should climb inside it. Soon after Karim would follow and after the strict Ali-Baba had closed the door for the night, Rashad could come out and they would have the rest of the night for their unrestricted pleasures since Ali-Baba, a sound sleeper, would sleep in the other part of the house. In the morning Rashad would go back inside the trunk and leave after Ali-Baba had opened the door and nobody would be any wiser. Rashad was too horny to smell a rat and when Karim lifted his tunic and wrapped his smooth fingers around his throbbing hardon the lusty man would have followed his lead anywhere.

When Ali-Baba came in after finishing his work, he found a strangely beaming Rashad sitting with a timidly smiling Karim. During the dinner hot looks and secret smiles were exchanged between them and Ali-Baba knew that his beautiful lover was working on some kind of scheme. Soon after dinner Rashad claimed that the long journey had exhausted him and retired.

Karim quickly explained to Ali-Baba what had happened and after some ardent kisses and passionate hugging they went into their bedroom and locked the trunk. They pushed it under their bed and Rashad was forced to listen to their noisy lovemaking all through the night locked in the nar-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row trunk. The bed made an awful racket as husky Ali-Baba tested its endurance by pounding Karim's eager butt with his big and fat favorite and their constant puffing and blowing was interrupted only by Ali-Baba's deep-chested groans and Karim's ecstatic moans. Their hunger for each other was such that they fucked ferociously until dawn, hardly stopping for orgasms, let alone for the muffled sounds occasionally coming out of the trunk.

In the morning Ali-Baba opened the trunk and saw that the Bandit chief had suffocated in his anger and rage. He then loaded the trunk on his mule and followed by the twenty mules of the bandits, he and Karim returned to the cave. They left the jars and the trunk in the cave and loaded their mules with the riches, returning to the city safely.

The secret of the cave was now only known to them and they went there several times during their lives, but no matter how much they took, it all amounted to only a small fraction of the riches in the cave. Ali-Baba and Karim spent the rest of their days together and their passion for each other never diminished.

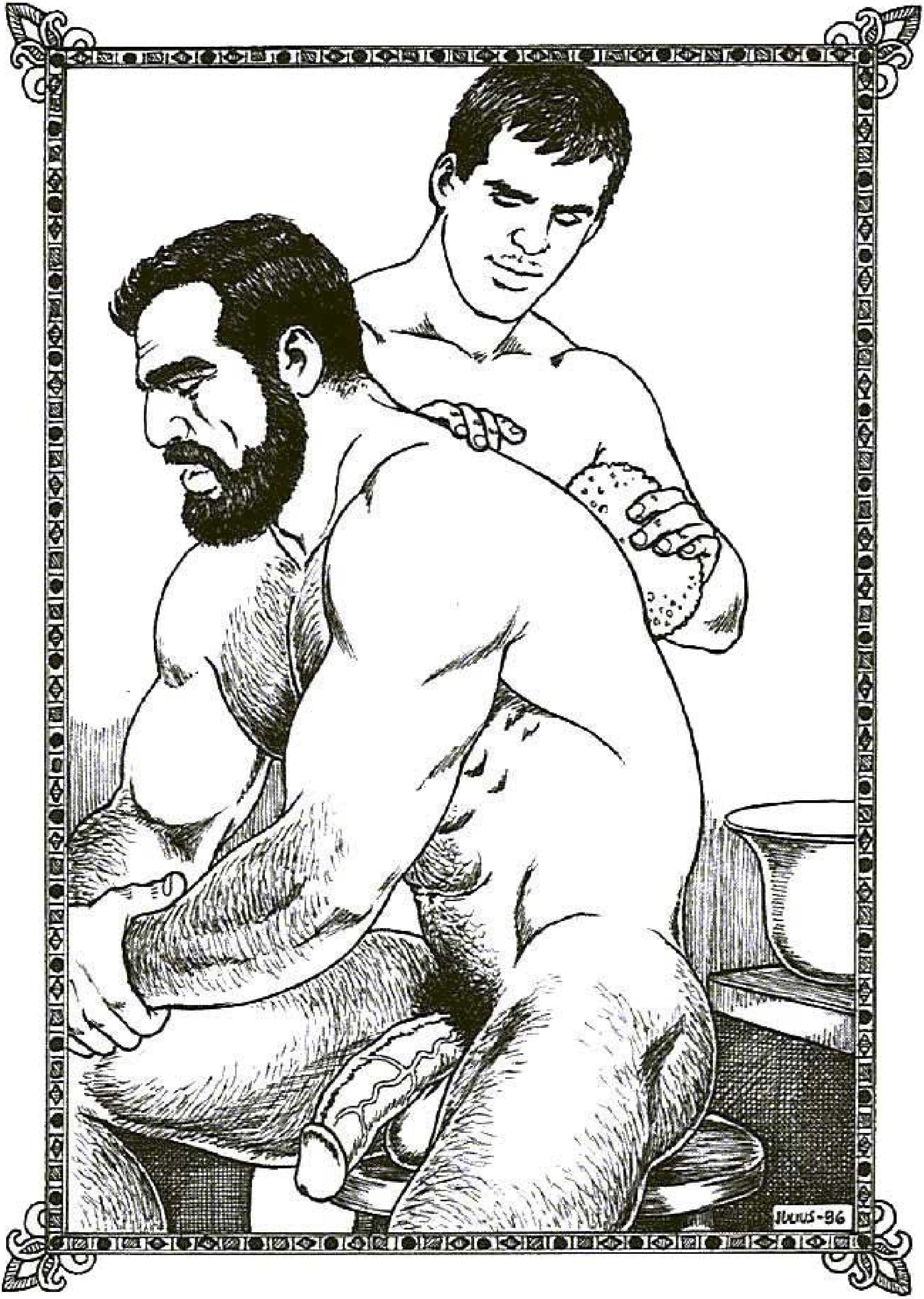
The third dervish began his story by saying that among the beauties of the world, Jafar was the most beautiful. He lived with his father, Yusuf, who was a blacksmith and a widower. During the days this big hunk of a man worked hard in his smithy and when he returned home, Jafar washed his sooty body fondling his big bulging muscles and longing after his husky father. Yusuf seemed not to notice his son's craving lust and Jafar was deeply hurt. Everybody else seemed to drool to get the beautiful boy between their sheets except the man he wanted the most.

Yusuf had a brother, Ibrahim, a covetous cocksman whose favorite daydream for years was fucking his beautiful nephew, Jafar. He often visited him when his brother was not at home, but although the boy did not exactly turn him down he did not encourage him either. Ibrahim was a handsome man like his brother and there was an abundance of hot willing asses around him, but busting his nephew's cherry had become an obsession to him.

In the opposite house there lived a carpenter, Ahmad, who was also struck by the beauty of his neighbor's son. Ahmad was a barrel-chested, big burly man, jovial in his manners and popular among his apprentices because of his massive cock and his ability to have sex a dozen times a day and yet be able to stretch some asses during the night as well.

Next door to Yusuf lived a mason, Rahman, whose eyes were glued on Jafar's beautiful body, whenever the boy passed his house. Rahman was a beautifully built man with a husky firm body and solid muscles. He was determined to get between Jafar's nicely curved buttocks with his robust tool and plaster his tempting bubble butt with his hot cream.

Finally there was Abul, a shop-keeper who lived down the street. Whenever Jafar entered his shop he was always given full attention and the best possible service. Abul was a big hairy man and while he treated Jafar with due respect he did nothing to hide his obvious lust and touched the boy whenever possible, getting a persistent hardon from the slightest provocation. Abul could not resist his lust anymore and one day when Jafar came to his shop wanting to see some mattresses, Abul took him into the back room and pulled out his big fat throbber saying that Jafar would get any mattress free if he allowed Abul to cool off his hot cock in his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mouth for a while. Blushing, the boy took Abul's rigid rod into his hand and fondled the velvety shaft with his fingers, but then they heard the sounds of other customers and Jafar quickly vanished into the street.

The temptation had been great, but it also gave Jafar an idea of how to solve his problem. Early the next morning he went to see Ahmad, the carpenter and asked for an unusual wardrobe. It consisted of four tall closets, each with locks and tiny holes for ventilation. The construction was to be so sturdy that it would last even through an earthquake. Ahmad promised to make any kind of wardrobe for Jafar free if he allowed the horny carpenter to thrust his big bolt into his hot hole and to screw him. Ahmad took Jafar's hand and made him feel his solid balls and his awesome cock that made many a boy wince with lust. Fondling Ahmad's big loose balls, Jafar told him that the wardrobe was a surprise present for his father and that he worked very late, which the horny man knew already. He asked Ahmad to deliver the wardrobe on Thursday and collect his payment personally later in the afternoon, say around five o'clock, and Jafar would take care that he would be satisfied. With his pride and joy in Jafar's smooth hands, Ahmad would have promised anything, let alone some wardrobe and after the boy left he began to work furiously.

Jafar then went to see Rahman and told him that there were some broken tiles in his bedroom floor that needed to be replaced. The horny Rahman wasted no time and while Jafar looked through the colorful tiles, Rahman promised to retile the entire floor for free if Jafar as a reward would allow him to plaster the boy's tight hole with his hot mortar. In saying that he pulled out his rock hard cock and rubbed it against Jafar's bare belly. The boy stroked the veiny shaft of Rahman's imposing cock and said that the work was to be done on Thursday morning and Rahman was to return later in the afternoon, say half past five, to collect his reward. Jafar's father worked late and they would have a lot of time to reach a settlement that fully satisfied them both. As Jafar left, the supremely happy Rahman squealed out of sheer joy.

Jafar next went to see Abul who had eagerly waited and hoped for his return. Jafar said to Abul that he actually needed two mattresses and they should be delivered on Thursday. Abul should return later in the afternoon, say six o'clock, and he would be allowed to test the new mattresses personally and Jafar would assist him in anyway that he wanted. Abul had no time to recover from the smashing news before Jafar disappeared.

Finally Jafar went to see his uncle, Ibrahim, who worked in the market. Seeing his delicious nephew was always a pleasure for him and soon he was teasing Jafar in his usual manner, asking the boy to save his cherry for his uncle who would only pleased to relieve him of his virginity. Ibrahim assured that Jafar was going to enjoy it tremendously and bless his good luck for having such an experienced and mature uncle in whose reliable hands he could safely leave the problem. The shy boy pretended to finally surrender and said that since his father was going out of town on Thursday, Ibrahim should come to see him in that afternoon, say half past four, and to bring a lot of food and drink with him. Since his father was not going to return until Sunday, Ibrahim would have a lot of time to make him familiar with the pleasures he had so often described to him. What Jafar said made Ibrahim so hot and excited that the boy disappeared into the crowd before he found his tongue again.

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When Yusuf returned home that evening,Jafar washed him as usual. After what had happened he fondled his father's muscular body with his soapy hands more daringly than ever before. All those sturdy cocks had affected him and his hands slid all over Yusuf's hairy body caressing his solid muscles shamelessly. His father groaned gruffly and asked him to wash his broad back and leaning forward Yusuf tried to hide his prominent hardon. It didn't escape his son's eyes though and the joyous Jafar saw that his father's cock was even bigger and fatter than any of those he had seen earlier. More importantly, for the first time Yusuf's beautiful cock responded to the love and lust radiating from Jafar's eager hands. To his disappointment the embarrassed Yusuf soon sent him away and his threatening looks made any further developments impossible.

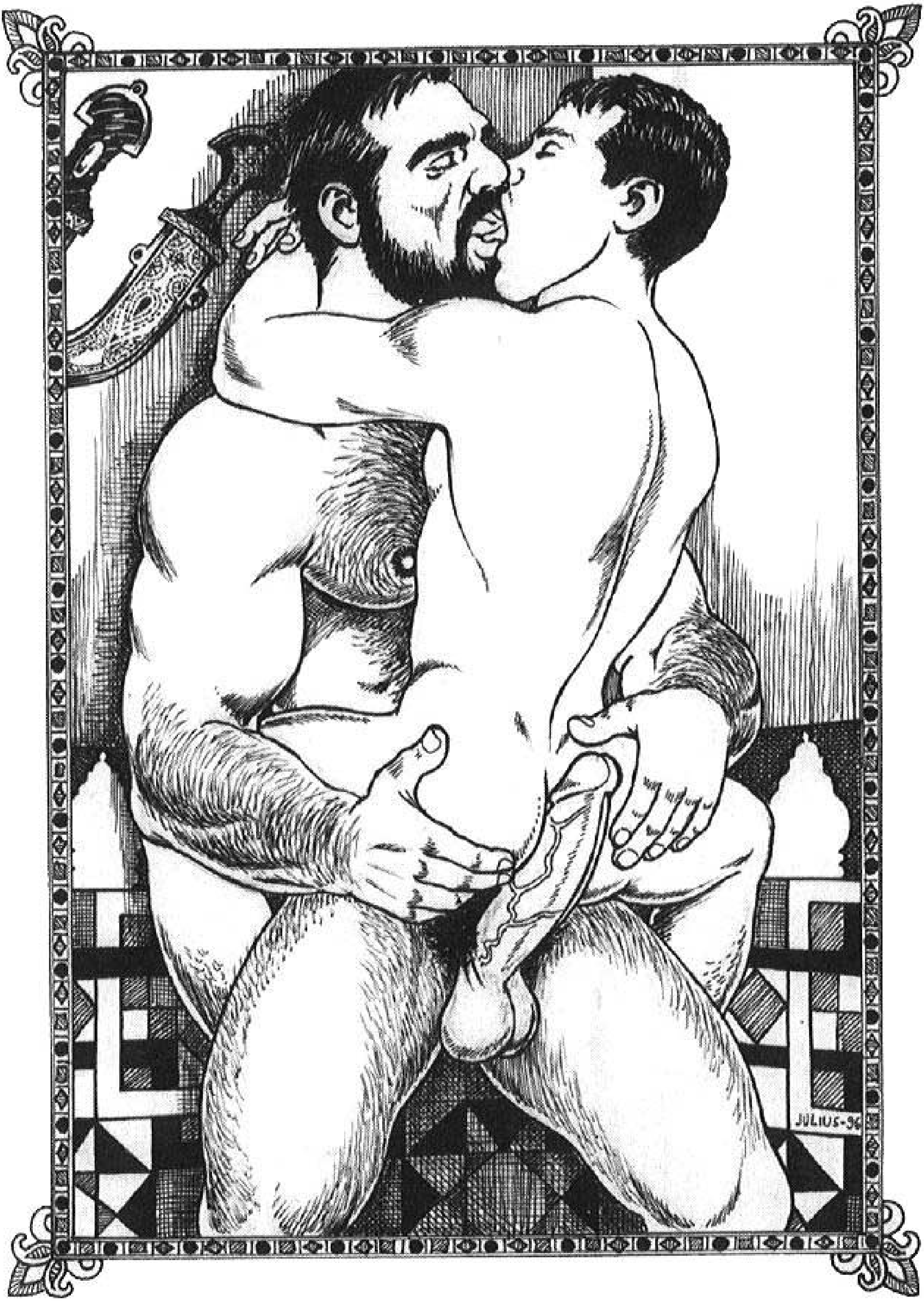
Later, as they had their dinner, Jafar made him promise that on Thursday Yusuf would return home exactly half past six since Jafar was going to prepare his favorite food.

On Thursday the beaming Rahman arrived soon after Yusuf had left and laid a beautiful new floor in the bedroom. He had hardly finished his work when a huge wardrobe was carried in, followed soon by expensive silk mattresses filled with eider down. All kinds of drinks and food-stuff were carried in, enough to feed a small army. Rahman, like the other men, thought that all those preparations were done for him and eagerly awaiting the moment he could finally lay his hands on that desirable boy, left to get suitably groomed for the occasion.

Ibrahim was the first to arrive and Jafar greeted him amiably. He led his lusty uncle into the bedroom and asked him to strip off his clothes and feel more comfortable. Ibrahim did not have to be asked twice and soon his buck naked uncle grabbed Jafar in his arms and playfully kissed and hugged the submissive boy on the soft bed. As the situation was getting slightly out of hand, Jafar said that he had reserved some refreshments for his uncle and taking Ibrahim's clothes with him Jafar went into the kitchen. When he returned with a tray they heard a loud knocking and saying that his father must have returned, Jafar urged the naked Ibrahim to hide himself in the wardrobe and lock the door after him.

When Jafar opened the main door covetous Ahmad grabbed him into his arms and carried the wriggling boy straight into the bedroom. Kissing and fondling Jafar he peeled off his clothes and soon the naked boy felt Ahmad's big hot cock throbbing against his smooth belly. There would have been no way to stop the strong horny man had they not heard a sharp knocking on the door again. Saying that it must be be his father, Jafar asked Ahmad to hide himself in the wardrobe and when the husky man stepped in, covering his thriving hardon, Jafar locked the door after him.

Next to arrive was Rahman and after a few affectionate kisses and warm hugs he led the horny man into the bedroom and playfully stripped off Rahman's clothes. Sitting on his lap, Jafar caressed his solid neck and teased Rahman's protruding nipples. Slowly Jafar's smooth hand slid across the man's hairy abs and down to the dark thicket of his cock bush and caressed his big balls. Rahman was fully blissed out when Jafar took his big fat hardon into his hands and squeezed the rock hard shaft, but just as he was prepared to lube his drooling cock in Jafar's hot mouth they too were interrupted by persistent knocking on the door.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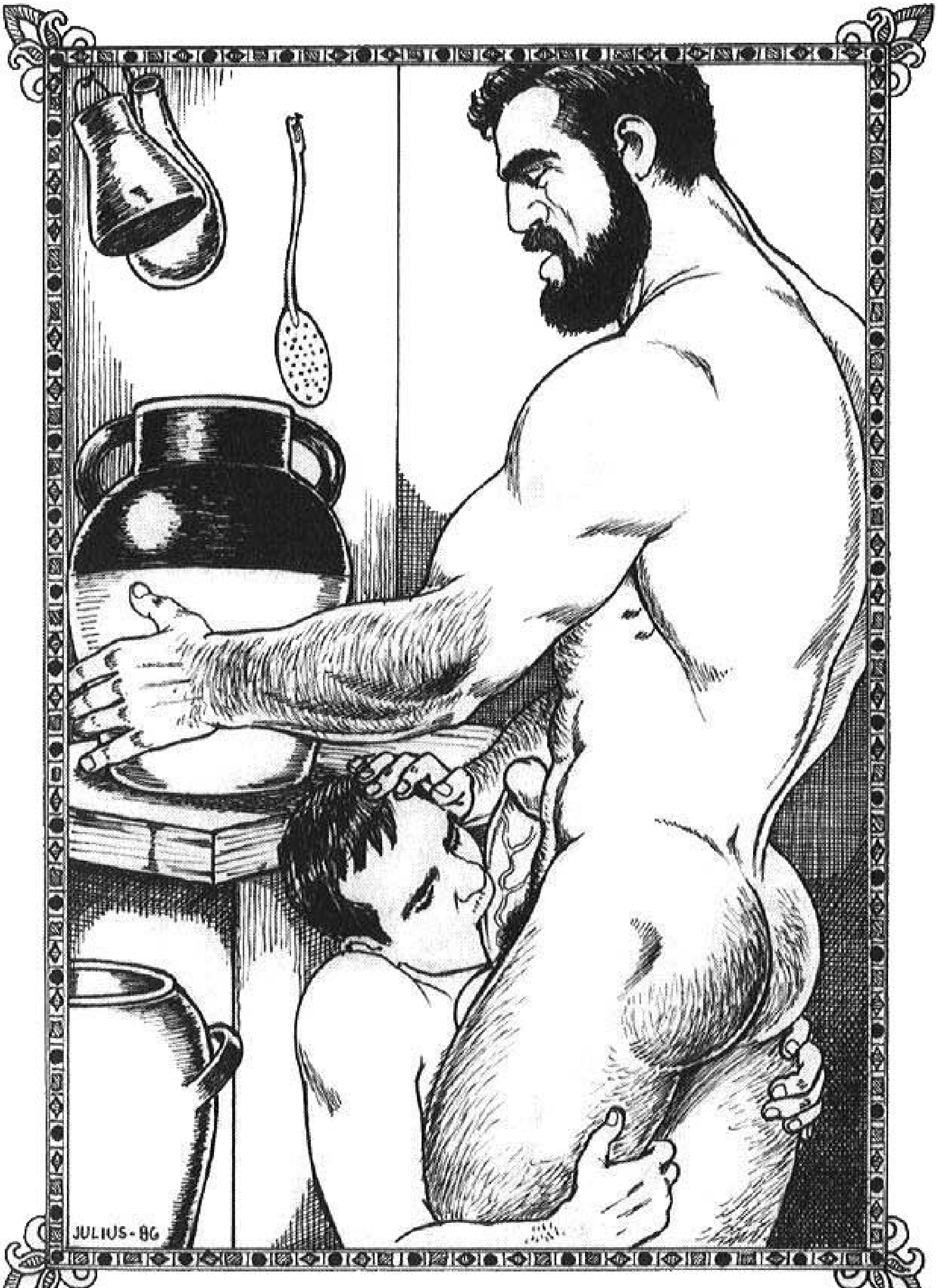
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Jafar was still trembling in Yusuf's embrace, but for quite a different reason. Yusuf licked his son's ears, kissed his cheeks and shoulders passionately while his hands fondled Jafar's bare body and crossing his smooth belly found his eagerly jutting dick. Yusuf grabbed the the velvety pliable dick in his callous hand and stroked it until ecstatic Jafar shot his load into Yusuf's big palm. He smeared the boy's heaving chest with the hot cum and tweaked his slippery nipples. Jafar began to milk Yusuf's solid cock with his tight sphincter. Puffing and blowing the boy rubbed his crack against Yusuf's crinkly cock-hairs and fucked himself on his father's spit gleaming tool. Yusuf saw his veiny weapon disappear between the smooth buns and slip in and slide out as his lusty son moved his beautiful butt. Gasping in a heavy whisper, Yusuf asked Jafar to go on and jerking his hips he rhythmically pounded the boy's rosy bud until the world exploded and he fell on top of his heaving son gasping and groaning in a climax that was by far the most powerful he had ever experienced.

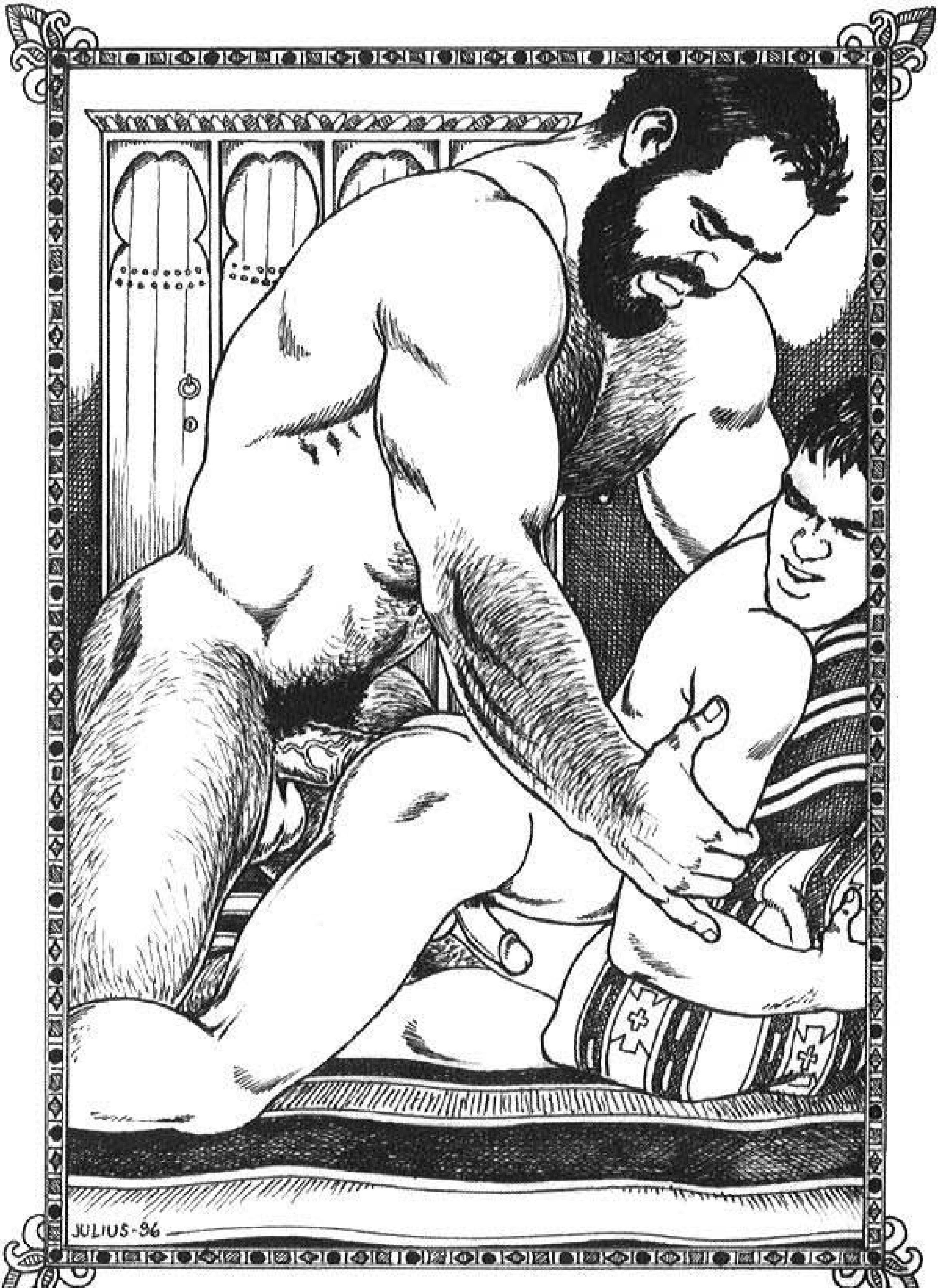
After their first orgasm together, this Yusuf was a changed man and saw Jafar and himself in a totally new light. He fully enjoyed his son's lusty touches and was not hesitant to express his own horniness. He lusted after Jafar's slender body and his smooth butt more than he ever could have imagined. After hours of fervent fucking and several blissful orgasms, Yusuf suddenly noticed the new furniture and the other changes in the bedroom. As an explanation Jafar gave him four keys saying that he would have used them if Yusuf had turned him down tonight, but that he had no further use for them anymore. Curious, Yusuf went to the wardrobe and opened the doors and to his amazement each closet contained a buck naked man and what was even worse, he knew them all.

The poor men had been locked up in the wardrobe for hours, not daring to utter a word in hope that they might yet be saved from further embarrassment. They had been forced to watch and listen as Yusuf had fucked his beautiful son over and over again. Now that they had been exposed they were simply furious and willing to skin the treacherous Jafar alive.

When Yusuf managed to calm them down a bit, Jafar told his father everything. He told Yusuf how he had wanted him for a long time and would have lost his faith and given up if these fine gentlemen had not convinced him that he was desirable. Had Yusuf turned him down this tonight, Jafar would have fucked with each and everyone of them since he was convinced that he now was surrounded by the most desirable men on earth. He would be honored if they would all enjoy a dinner with his father and himself.

The anger soon changed into appreciation and after a while the naked men rested on the pillows and mattresses joking and laughing as if nothing had happened. They had to admit that Jafar was a shrewd little devil and all the more desirable for that and that Yusuf was one lucky son-of-a-bitch.

When Jafar entered the room he was followed by four naked boys, each carrying a tray full of delicate food. The blushing boys put the food on the floor in front of the astonished men and then sat beside them. Jafar said that he didn't want to reproach them, but while lusting after him they had been blind to nearby adoration and devotion. They should take a good look at their companions since these boys shared his fate, they each loved and wanted somebody who did not even notice them.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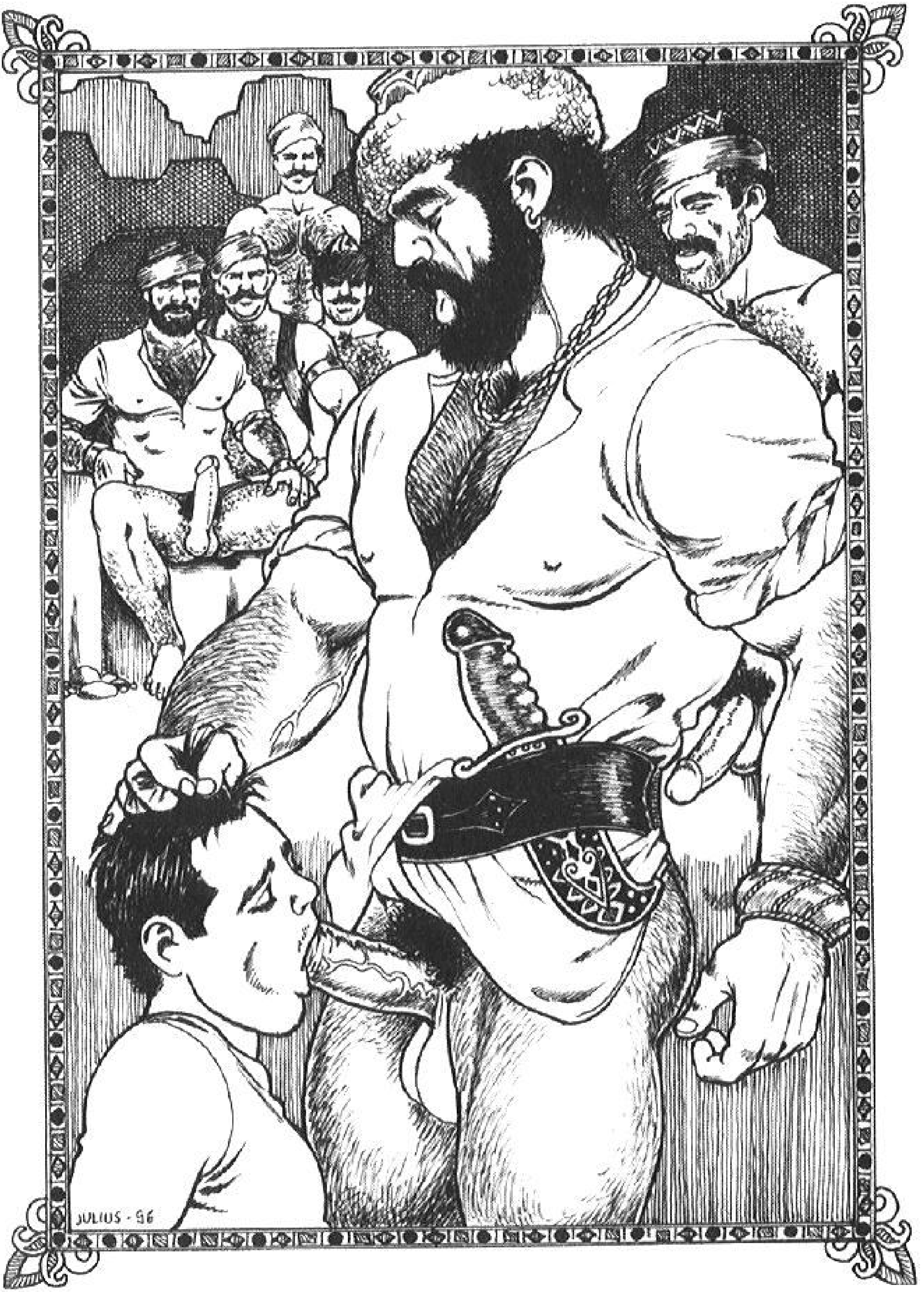
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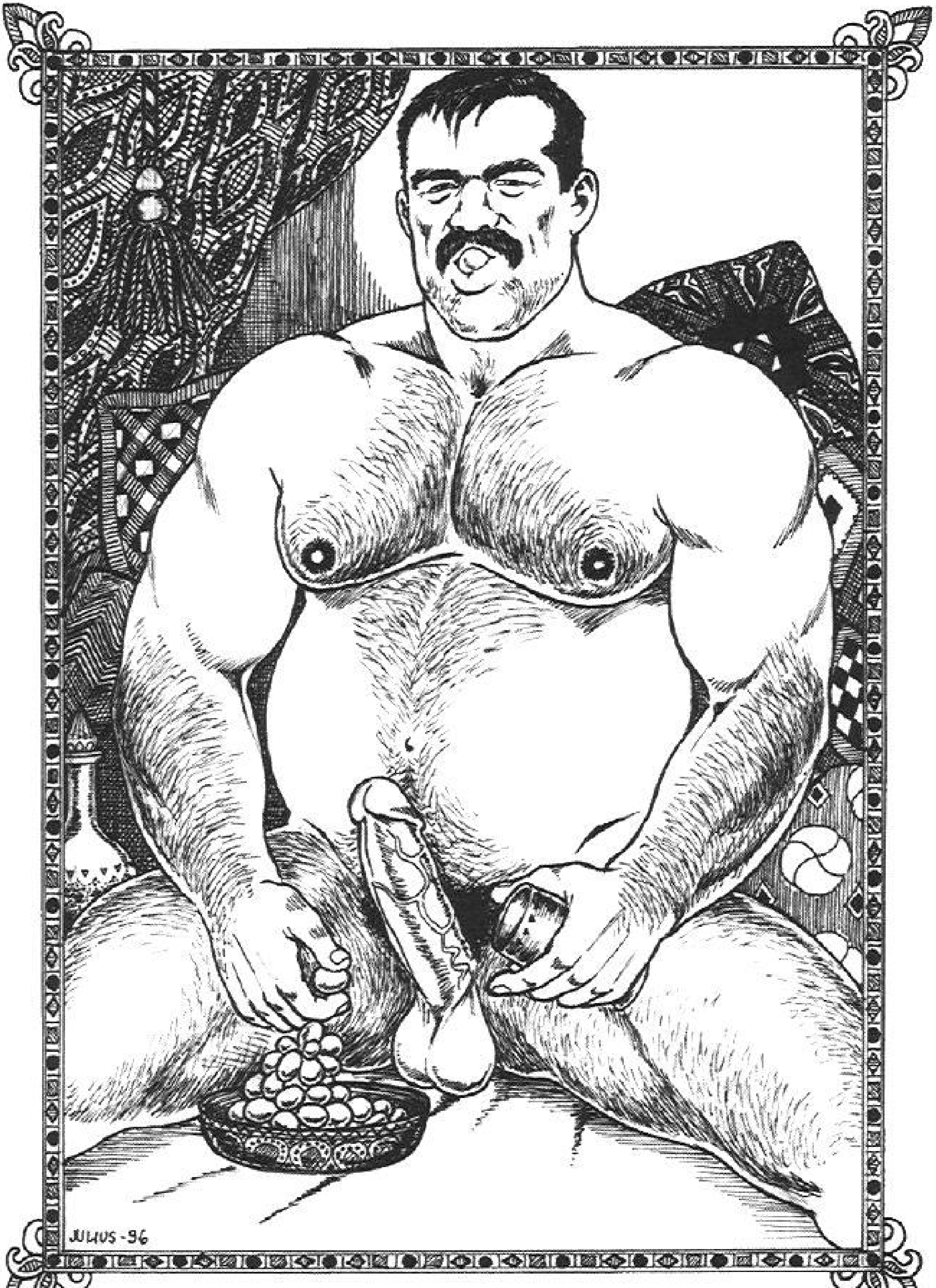
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tight fuck-channel. Stretched out on the man's big hairy belly. Malik felt like he was adrift on the ocean rolling and swaying on top of a powerful surf. The man's energetic puffing and blowing sounded like the roar of the waves and his stern cock inside him pulsated in the same irresistible rhythm.

The man grabbed Malik's dick in his hand and stroked the velvety shaft vigorously until the boy started to moan softly and then beckoned Zaman to take Malik's stiff dick into his mouth. Zaman was so enthralled by what he saw that without any hesitation he engulfed Malik's hot organ into his drooling mouth and sucked avidly. Surprised, Malik tried to lift his head to see what was happening, but the man held him in an arm lock forcing him to surrender totally to the powers that shook his body with increasing velocity. Soon the gasping boy arched his back and moaning loud shot his load into Zaman's mouth. Malik's convulsing body sent quick vibrations through the man and with all his might he thrust his big fat cock deep inside the quivering boy. His body turned tense and immobile as the spasms began to shake his inflamed cock. Jerking and throbbing violently his fierce weapon exploded, gushing cum profusely and forcing a deep-chested groan out of his mouth.

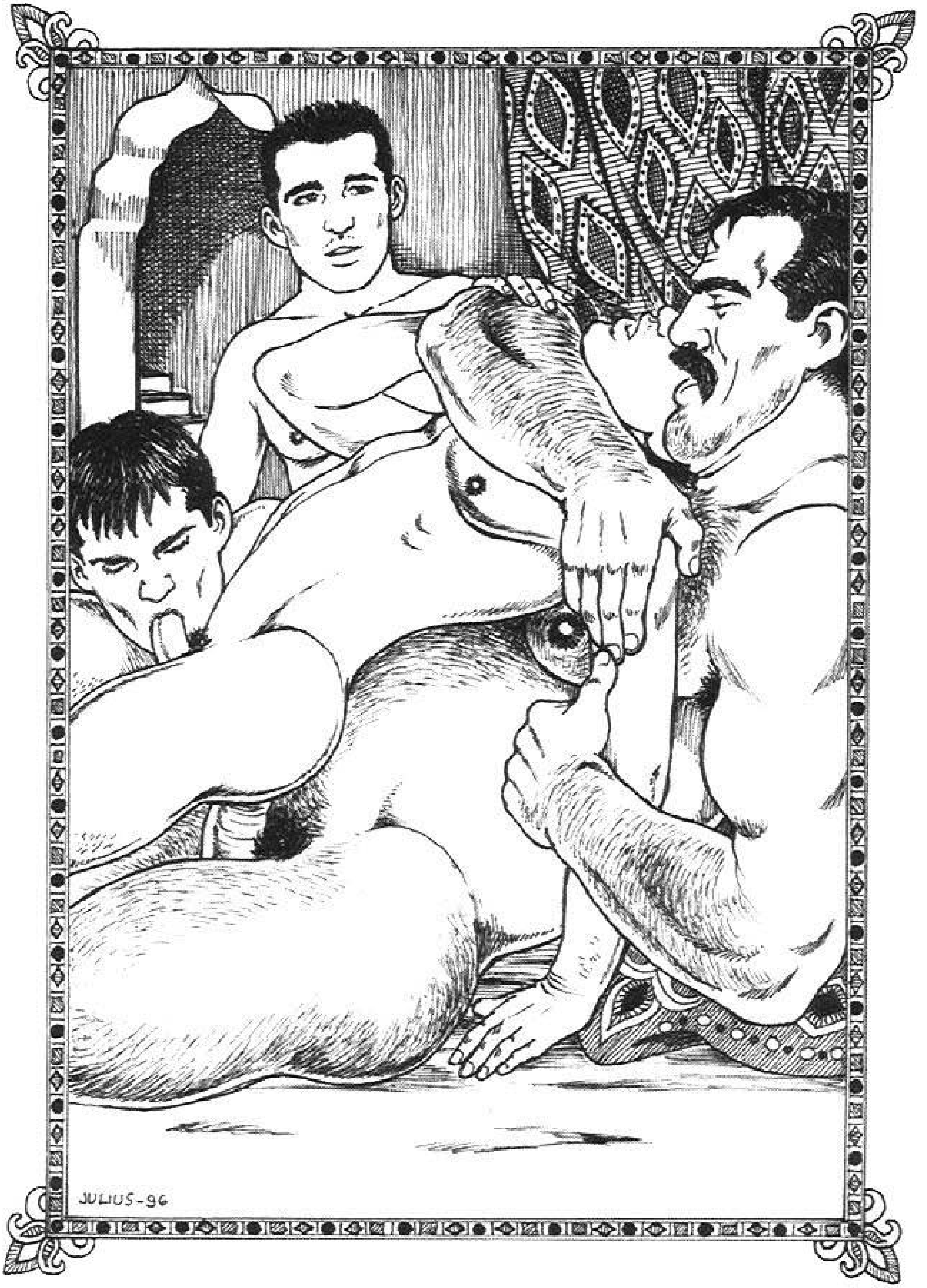
Astonished, Zaman and Nazir watched the ecstatic smile on Malik's face as he rapturously sprawled on top of the man's big belly. During that night the man fucked each of the boys several times. He turned out to be an awesome cocksman whose ability to have sex was almost unlimited since he could fuck without cumming and prolong the enjoyment endlessly. He kept a keen eye on the boys as he fucked them and with the precision of a mind reader he increased their scorching lust with each deliberate fuck-stroke. His skill made the boys open up voluntarily and they adored his intense fucking. He was also wise enough not to have a favorite, but delighted each boy with his miracle meat equally.

The fervent fucking went on each night for several weeks and each day more slaves were brought in. The fort was soon so crowded that the slaves were sent to the capital in a long caravan to be sold in the famous slave market of the Great Mogul. The boys were distressed when they heard the news and begged their lover to save them, but all he could do was to send his servant, Hafib, with them to take care of them during the journey and to assure that the boys were not to be sold to anybody they did not accept.

The boys were lucky in getting Hafib as their guardian on the journey. The rough caravan men were brutal and incredibly covetous. They forced any slave they wanted to have sex with them anytime, anyplace and in anyway that came to their lusty minds. Gang bangs occurred frequently and the boys were saved only by the fear and respect the big and sinister-looking Hafib caused.

Hafib was a tall muscular man with fierce eyes and sturdy chin. He spoke very little and hardly seemed to notice the boys. Yet he was always there and took care of them unnoticeably but efficiently. The boys learned to take him for granted and did not pay much attention to him.

On the third day of their journey a sudden sandstorm arose and the caravan had to stop and pitch camp. In a few minutes the air was filled with razor sharp sand and zero visibility. Nazir somehow lost his companions and crawling among the dunes, blinded by the sand and dust, he could not hear the sounds of the caravan anymore, only the howling of the wind and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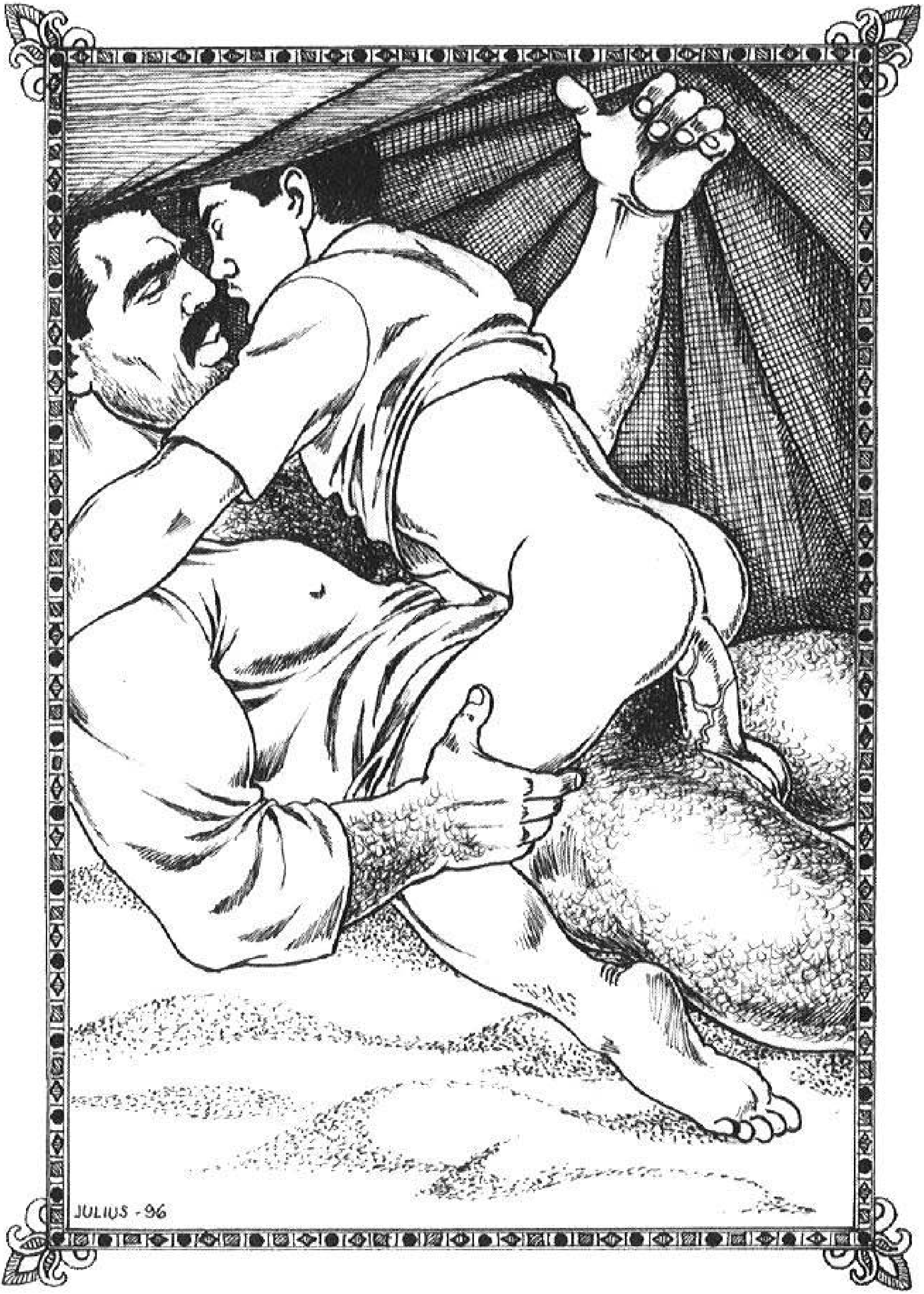
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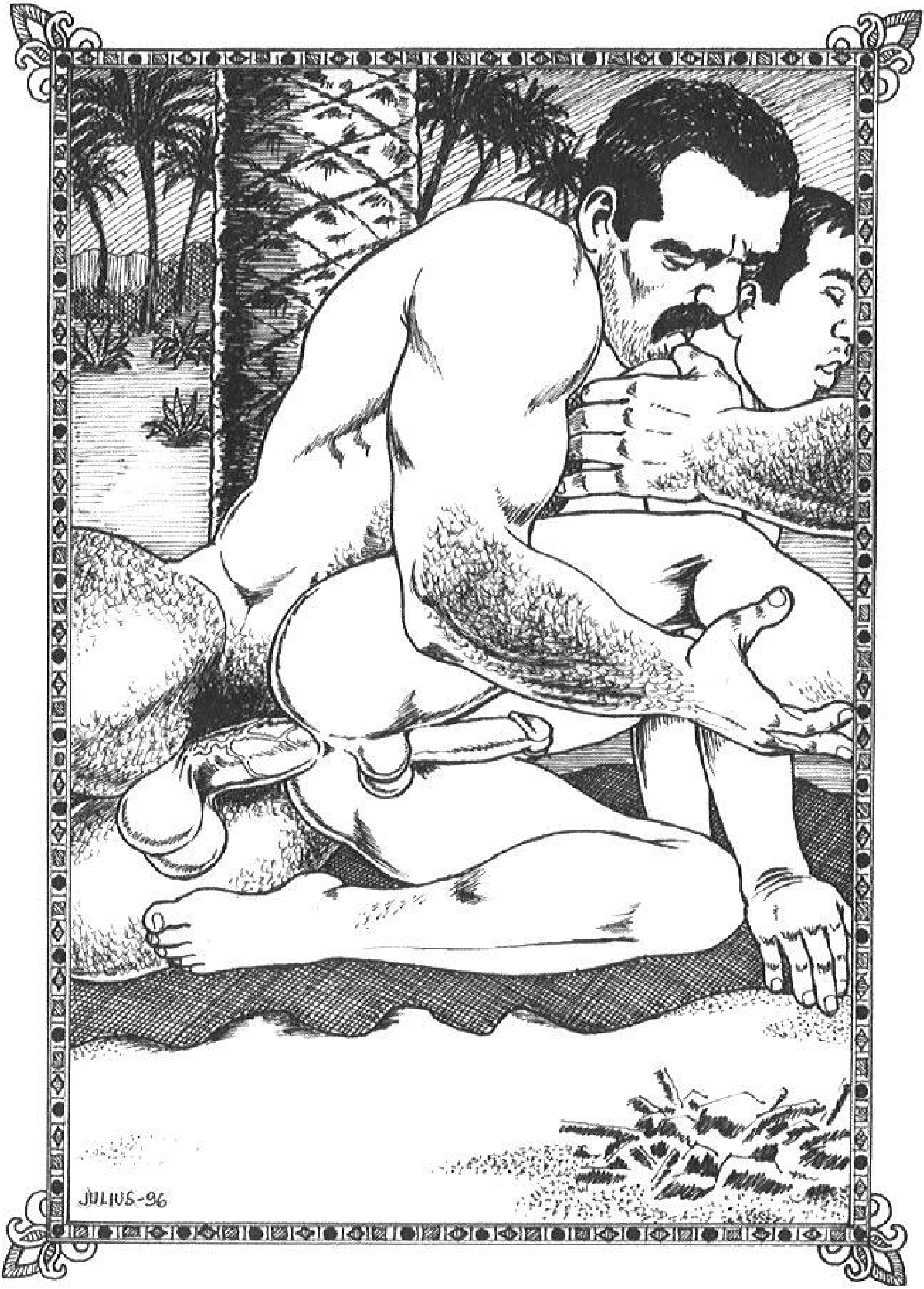
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When the curious caravan guards arrived, Hafib showed them his blood stained dagger and something he said caused a sinister laughter among them. Soon they all returned to the oasis leaving the helpless boys alone, but in a moment Hafib came back with a jug of water and wet cloth which he tied around their heads. With a low voice he asked them to be patient and then disappeared again.

After a few hours the caravan passed by, but the desperate cries of the horrified boys caused yet another burst of laughter among the guards and their last hope of survival slowly disappeared among the vast dunes. At the moment of their deepest despair they suddenly saw Hafib, leading two camels, approach them. He quickly helped the boys out of their sandy graves and took them back to the cool shade of the oasis.

Hafib told the boys that in the evening the caravan was going to stop in the desert and all the boys were going to be castrated since eunuchs were in great demand and the profits from them were high. These nomads believed that the desert sand was sterile and after castration buried the boys in the sand for three days to heal. Hafib had pretended that he had followed the orders of his master and had personally castrated the boys on an especially favorable day and would rejoin the caravan again after they had recovered.

The relief of the boys was immeasurable and they showed their gratitude in rather predictable ways.

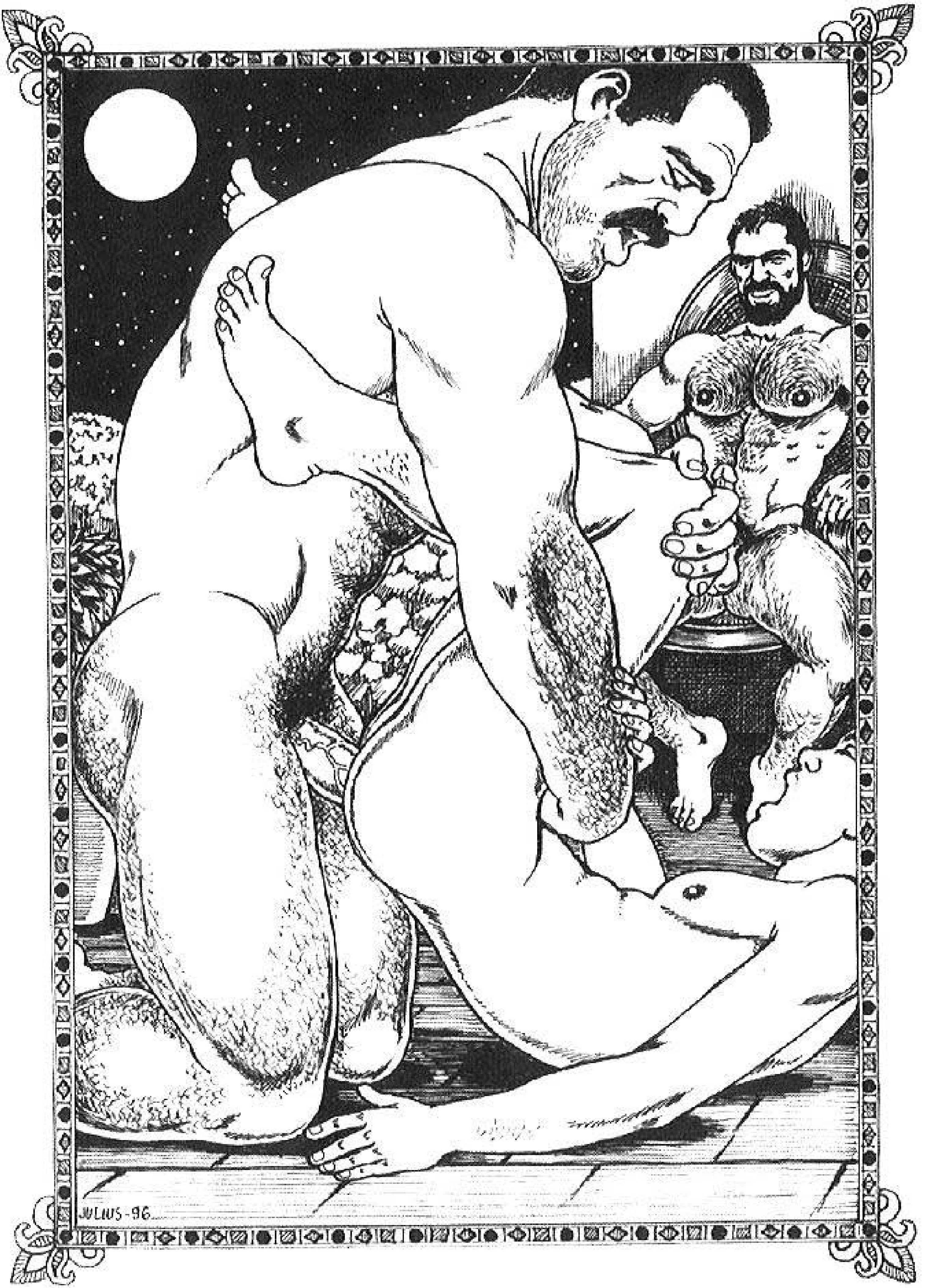
Hafib had then brought them into this city and bought a house for them. His master had loaded two camels with gold and priceless jewels and the boys were to support themselves with that while they were hiding. Hafib was going to claim that the boys did not survive the operation and that he had buried them in the desert sand. Many years had now passed and the boys still lived in the house that Hafib had bought for them. They longed to return to their village, but were afraid of the slave merchants of the Great Mogul.

The three dervishes promised to take the boys back to their village. Three robust monks with three young novices would not be an easy prey and their persistent will to sleep together would not surprise anyone.

The arrangements were done in a hurry and early the next morning three husky monks followed by three young novices left the city, leaving the house with its contents to Hamid, who had not dared to mention this to anybody.

To prove his words Hamid took his friend Ghalib and the slave boy into the house. They had some wine in the inner court and took turns fucking the delirious slave boy under the starry sky.

As a result of that enjoyable night, Ghalib and Hamid decided to buy the slave boy and move into the house together where he would serve them both. When the boy explained everything to Al-Addin, he gave him his freedom since the boy had helped him catch Azzam. The supremely happy threesome lived in the house for many years and with their nightly entertainment paid homage to the previous owners. Their merry making was so gay and enjoyable, their lust so hot and covetous and their friendship so fast and solid that Zaman, Nazir and Malik truly enjoyed their company.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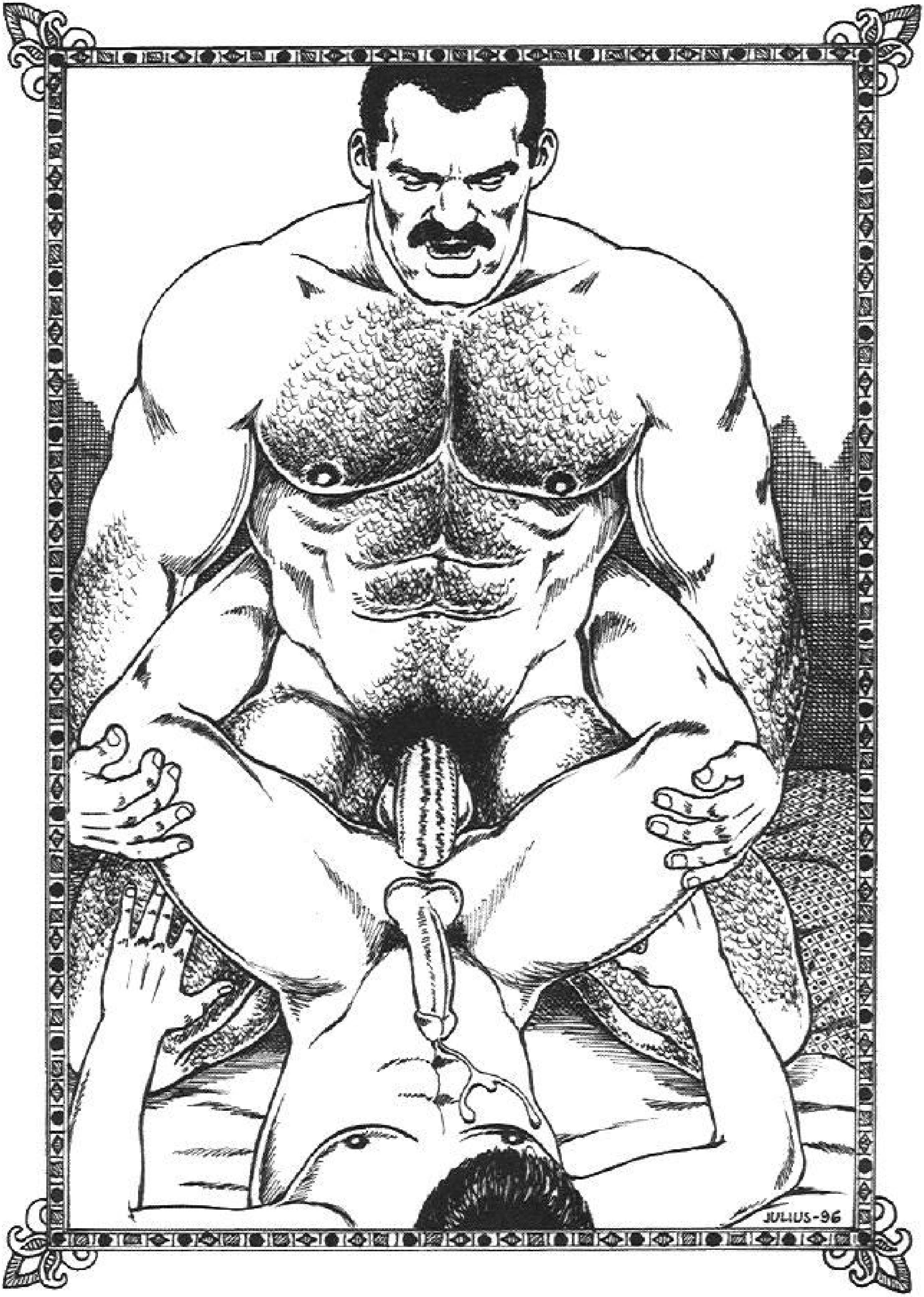
Thus Zaid entertained Shah-Riar with his hot stories for a thousand nights. Each night he amused his lord and master to the bursting point and then fully satisfied his roaring lust until Shah-Riar lay exhausted yet always wanting to hear more. Zaid wisely ended his storytelling each night at a point where the covetous Shah-Riar craved to hear the rest of the story. This way he was able to postpone his execution for a thousand times to his father's immense relief. But finally there came a time when Shah-Riar entered his bedroom that there were no stories left. Shah-riar stripped off his clothes and climbed into the bed pulling the smooth boy into his arms in his usual manner.

When he kissed Zaid he noticed a tear in the corner of his eye and wanted to know why the boy was crying. Zaid told him that there were no stories left and he was prepared to meet his destiny. This time he did not miss his father or Faud, he only missed Shah-Riar's stern cock and his passionate fucking and asked Shah-Riar to make love to him until dawn. When Shah-Riar heard this he realized that the poor boy had all this time been mortally afraid of loosing his head and he was ashamed of his own indifference and cruelty. Actually after their first night together Shah-Riar had fallen in love with Zaid and loosing him was an unbearable thought. He told Zaid this and said that nothing would please him more than to share his bed with him for the rest of his life but he would comply with whatever Zaid decided. In addition to his unrestricted freedom as a reward for his compassion and loyalty Zaid was to be given substantial property that once belonged to Shah-Riar's treacherous wife and he promised to fulfill any additional wishes that the boy might have to the best of his ability, starting with the one Zaid had just expressed. After saying that, Shah-Riar kissed the boy passionately and began to make love to the boy who responded with equal gusto, blissed out by the covetous advances of his potent and mature lover.

Their lovemaking was pure sexuality and Zaid, knowing that this hairy-assed hunky cocksman was finally all his, made sure that his awesome equipment was fully utilized. Shah-Riar rammed Zaid's smooth butt with abandon and glee, assured that the starry-eyed boy under him responded to his fucking so eagerly yearned after him and him only. The night was filled with riotous excitement and ecstasy as they hurled each other from one orgasm to another entwined in an embrace that made their feverish bodies pulsate like one.

They greeted the dawn lying in each other's arms and Zaid told Shah-Riar how he had managed to see him naked and how he had lusted after his lord and master and persuaded his father to bring him to the palace fully convinced that Shah-Riar was all he ever wanted and fully prepared to offer his life for a night with the man of his lusty dreams. Shah-Riar in his turn told Zaid what had happened to his brother and himself and about their fatal decision. After a while Zaid said that he actually had one wish for Shah-Riar. Although he himself was blissfully happy and content, he felt sorry for his brother. Zaid had noticed the awakening lust shimmering in his brother's eyes whenever he looked at Shah-Riar's naked body and he now asked Shah-Riar to burst Faud's cherry so that he too could open-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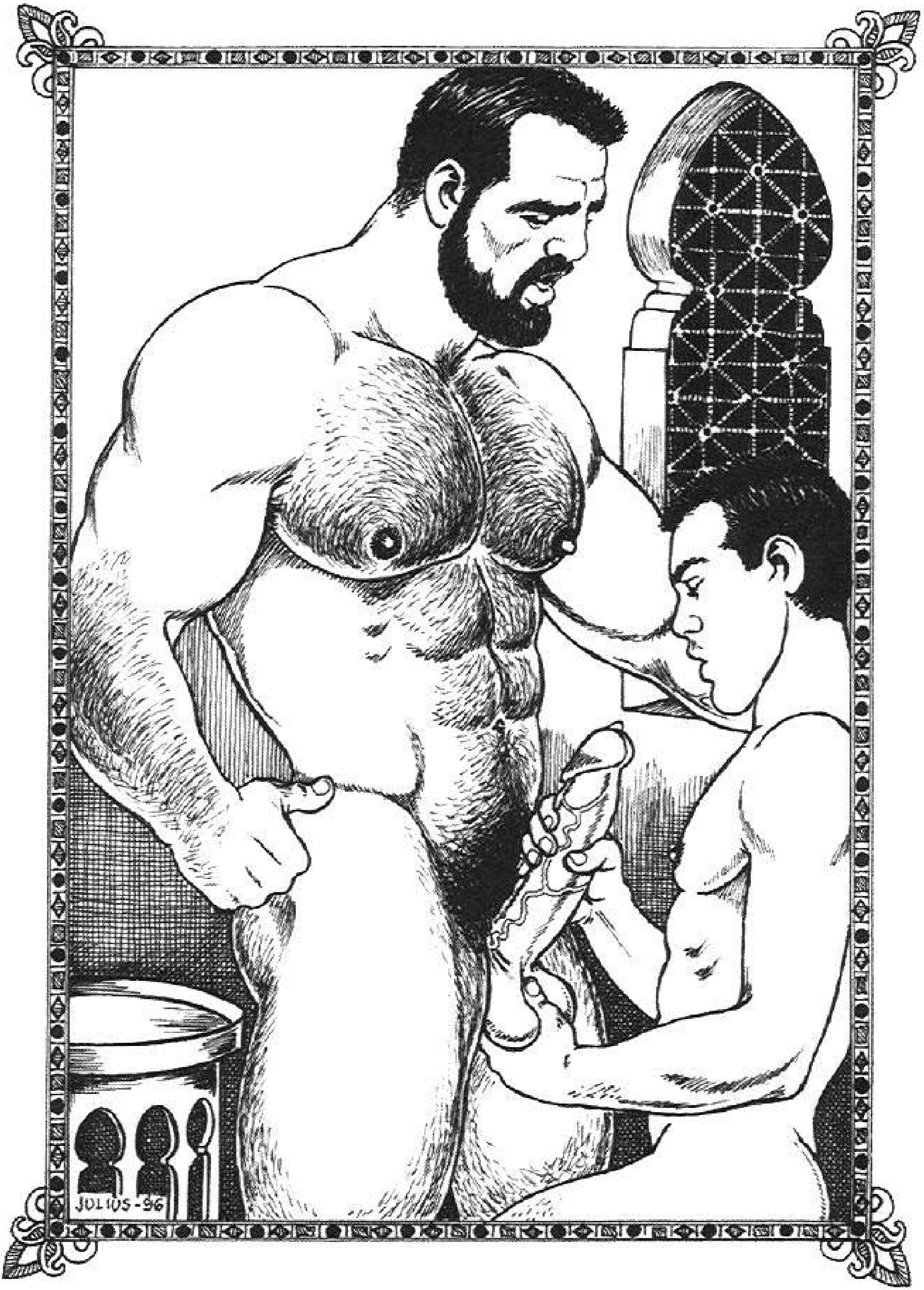
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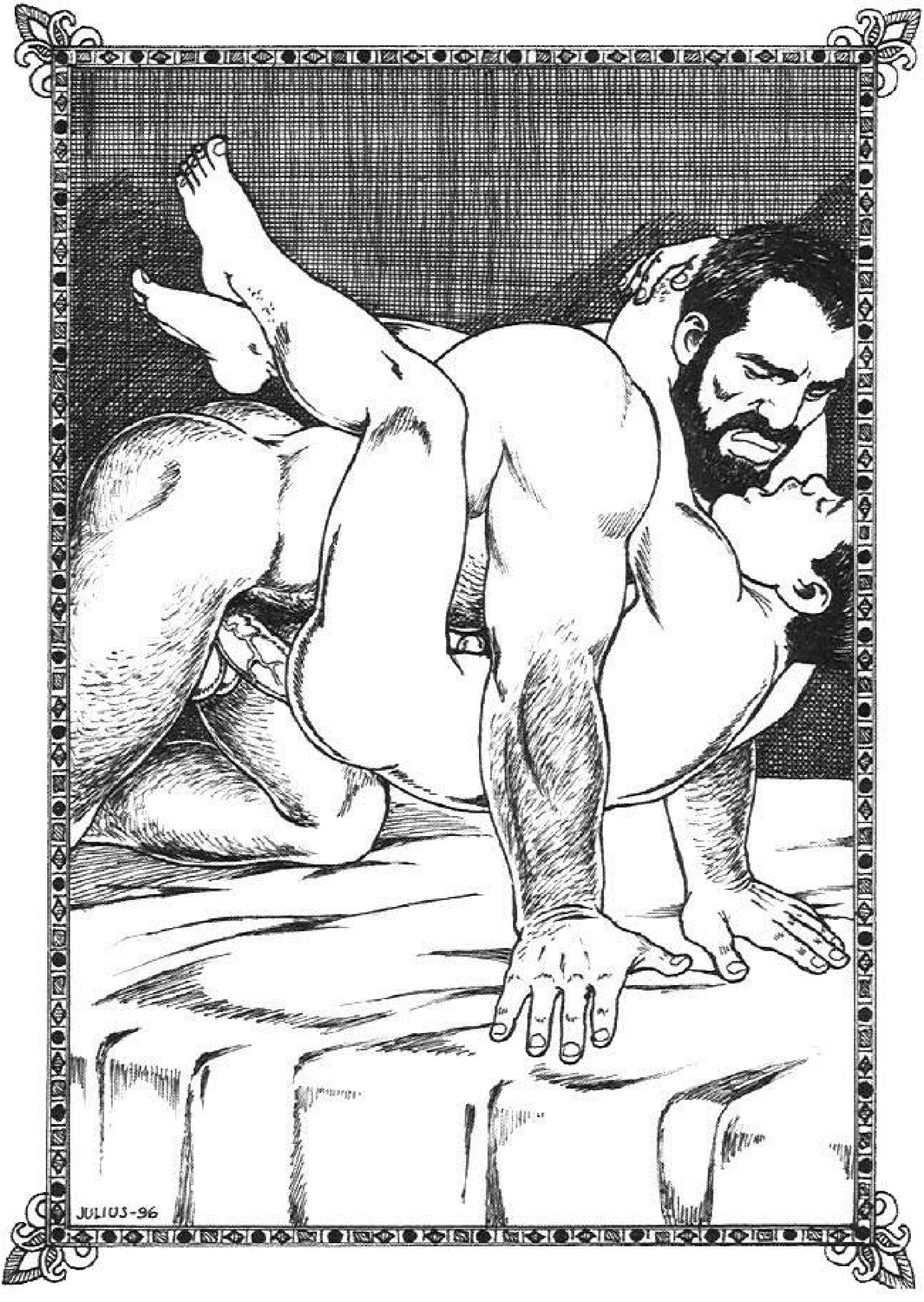
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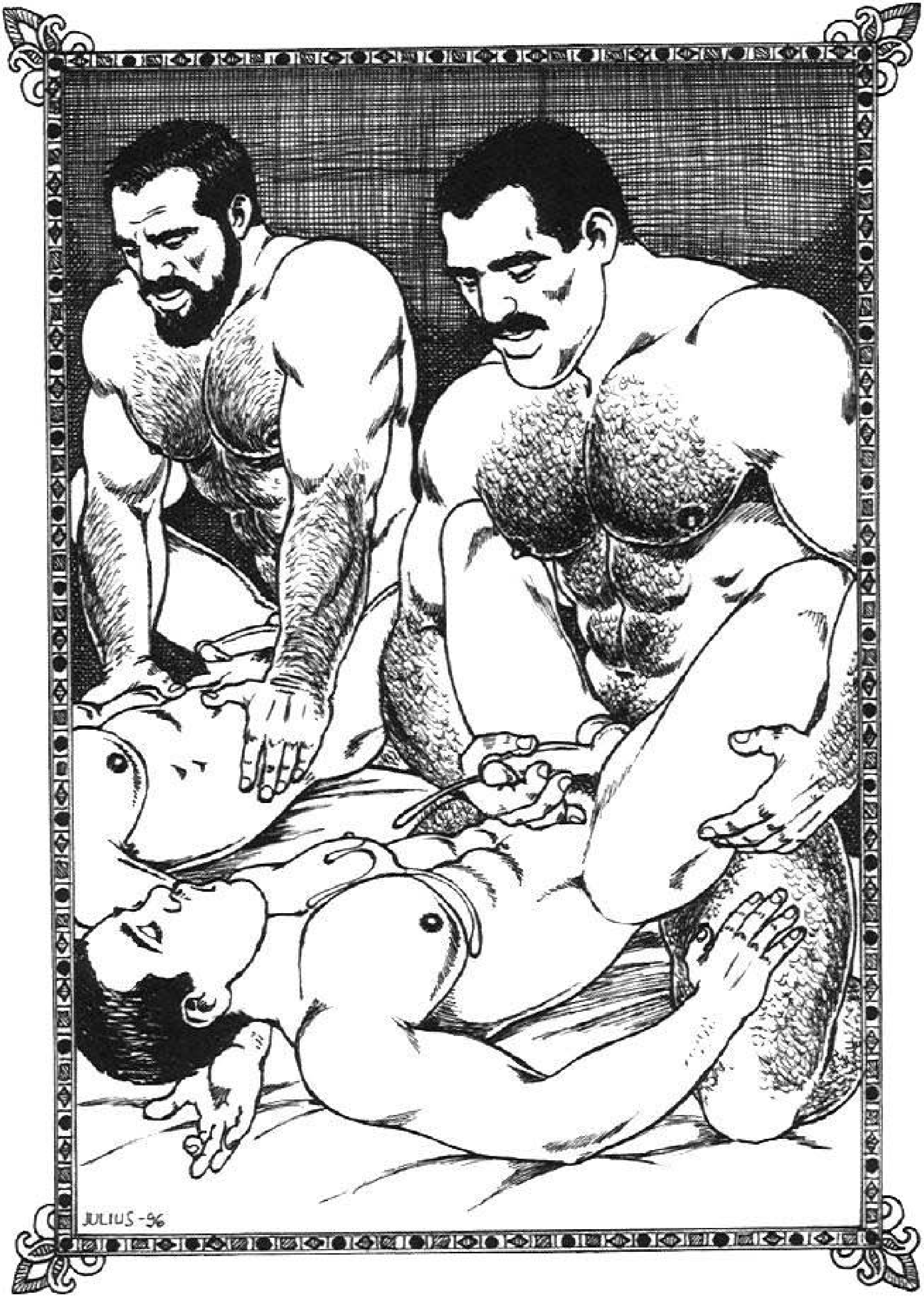
ing in his mouth. One thing led to another and in no time they were fucking with abandon and glee totally absorbed in their covetous pleasures. At dawn Shah-Zenon remembered the promise he had made and taking Faud with him went to Shah-Riar's palace. When they entered his bedroom they saw Zaid and Shah-Riar engaged in an activity that brought them both an instant hardon.

Not allowing them to interrupt him, Shah-Riar asked them to wait until he was good and ready or to strip off their clothes and join the fun. Shah-Zenon noticed Zaid's blissful smile as his brother pounded him with vigour and stamina. The smile was so similar to the ecstatic smile he had seen on Faud's face when he had fucked the boy that his hardon turned into a real woody. Realizing that Zaid was in no immediate danger he turned to Faud, only to see that the boy was already nude and clinging to him very persuasively. In no time Shah-Zenon was in his pelt and carried the joyous boy onto the bed.

All the time Zaid had been telling his stories, Faud had been envious of the close sensual intimacy between his brother and Shah-Riar. Each night he left the palace with a thriving hardon imagining what was happening after he left and wishing to get laid by someone as husky and handsome as Shah-Riar. Now that his wish had been granted he was eager to show off his hunky lover in action and he was not going to be disappointed either. Side by side like a team of horses, the two brothers plowed the furrows of their young lovers and the boys tried to endure the tough tools of their plowmen as best they could. Guided by an experienced cocksman the ever-hard tool is bound to hit a nerve and the gasping boys and their heaving masters reached a climax that brought ecstatic relief almost simultaneously. Shooting their seed in abundance the two brothers collapsed on top of their young lovers and received a hero's welcome.

During the frantic fucking the situation became clear to them all. Zaid saw that he had succeeded in finding a real stud for his brother and that Faud had fallen in love. Shah-Riar noticed that his brother was totally infatuated with Faud and would never let him go. Shah-Zenon saw that it was Shah-Riar who had lost his head and nothing could threaten Zaid's position while Faud had lost his envy and only had eyes for his potent lover. So when they were able to speak again Shah-Riar suggested that they spend a joint honeymoon in one of his palaces by the sea and his suggestion was greeted with great enthusiasm. By then the brothers had a lot of ink in their pens again and a mutual agreement was signed and sealed with a somewhat unusual sealing wax.

They had a wonderful time together and when Shah-Zenon finally left with Faud the two brothers made another oath, promising to cherish their young lovers as they had cherished each other. That promise they kept to the end of their days.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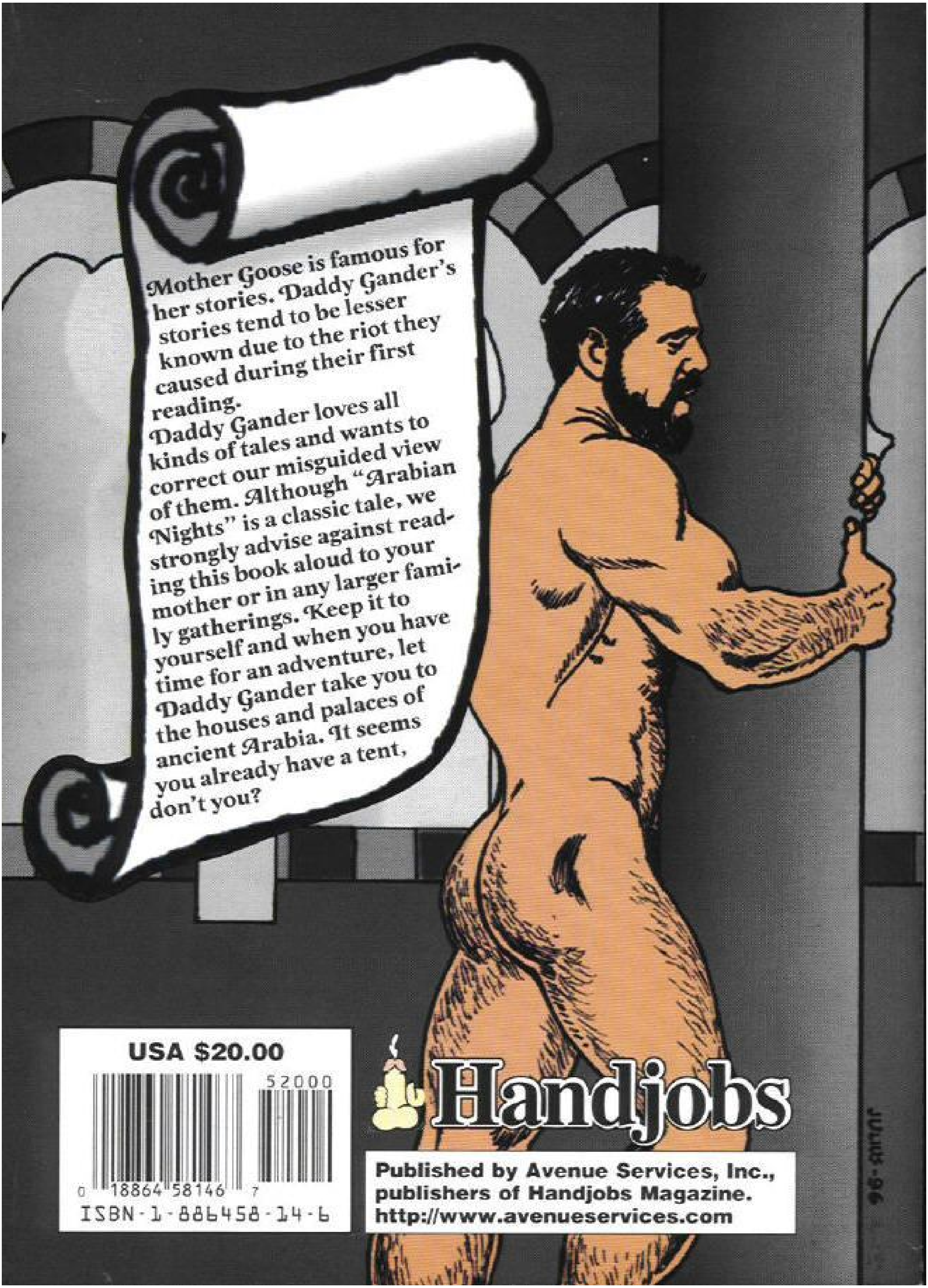

Mother Goose is famous for her stories. Daddy Gander's stories tend to be lesser known due to the riot they caused during their first reading.

Daddy Gander loves all kinds of tales and wants to correct our misguided view of them. Although "Arabian Nights" is a classic tale, we strongly advise against reading this book aloud to your mother or in any larger family gatherings. Keep it to yourself and when you have time for an adventure, let Daddy Gander take you to the houses and palaces of ancient Arabia. It seems you already have a tent, don't you?

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